THE

# GUARDIAN;

A

# COMEDIE.

Acted before

Prince CHARLS

His *HIGHNESS*

At Trinity-Colledg in *Cambridge*,

upon the twelfth of *March*, 1641.

---

Written by

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

---

LONDON,

Printed for *JOHN HOLDEN* at the

Anchor in the New-Exchange,

1650.

fol. 525

# The Actors Names.

*Captain* Blade *the Guardian.*
*Old* Truman, *a testy old man.*
*Young* Truman *his Son, in love with* Lucia.
*Col* Cutter *a barking Gentleman* } *Lodgers at the Widows house.*
Dogrel *a barking Poet after* }
Puny *a young Gallant, a pretender to wit.*

Lucia *Neece and Ward to Captain* Blade, *in love with young* Truman.
Aurelia *daughter to* Blade.
Widow, *and old Puritan, Landlady to Colonel* Cutter *and* Dogrel.
Tabytha *her Daughter.*

Jaylors, Servants, *and* Fidlers.

*The Scene* London.

# The PROLOGUE.

*WHo ſays the Times do Learning diſallow?*
*'Tis falſe; 'twas never honour'd ſo as now*
*When you appear, great Prince, our night is done:*
*You are our Morning-ſtar, and ſhall b'our Sun.*
*But our Scene's* London *now, and by the rout*
*We periſh if the Roundheads be about:*
*For now no ornament the head muſt wear,*
*No Bays, no Mitre, not ſo much as Hair.*
*How can a Play paſs ſafely, when we know,*
*Cheapſide-Croſs falls for making but a ſhow?*
*Our onely hope is this, that it may be*
*A Play may paſs too, made* ex tempore.
*Though other Arts poor and neglected grow,*
*They'll admit Poetry, which was always ſo.*

*Beſides, the Muſes of late times have bin*
*Sanctifi'd by the Verſe of Maſter* Prin.
*But we contemn the fury of theſe days,*
*And ſcorn as much their Cenſure as their Praiſe.*
*Our Muſe, bleſt Prince, does onely on you relie;*
*Would gladly live, yet not refuſe to die.*
*Accept our haſtie zeal; a thing that's play'd*
*Ere 'tis a Play, and acted ere 'tis made.*
*Our Ignorance, but our Duty too, we ſhow:*
*I would all ignorant people would do ſo.*
*At other times, expect our Wit and Art;*
*This Comedy is acted by the Heart.*

---

The

# The Guardian.

## Act. 1. Scæn. 1.

*Widow, Tabytha,* Colonel *Custer, Degrel.*

*Custer.* PRithee widow be not incens'd, we'll ſhew our ſelves like yong Lords ſhortly; and you know, I Hope, they uſe to pay their debts.

*Wid.* I, you talk of great matters, I wis, but I'm ſure I could never ſee a groat yet of your money.

*Deg.* Alas, we carry no ſilver about us,
That were mechanical and baſe;
Gold we about us bring:
Gold, thou art mighty in each place,
Of Metals Prince and King.
Why I tell you my pockets have not been guilty of any ſmall money in my remembrance.

*Wid.* I know not, but all things are grown dear of late; our Beef coſts three ſhillings a ſtone, and the price of corn is rais'd too.

*Taby.* Nay, mother, coals are rais'd too, they ſay. Theſe things you think coſt nothing.

*Deg.* Nay, *Tabytha*, Miſtreſs *Tabytha!* ifaithlaw now I'll make a Pſalm for you, and be but peaceable.

Contain thy tongue, and keep it in
Within thy mouths large priſon.
Both jars, and alſo many a ſin
From out the mouth has riſen.
I'm onely for Odes, by the Muſes, and the quickeſt for them, I think, in the Chriſtian world, take in Turks, Infidels, Jews and all.

*Cust.* Have but a little patience, widow; well - I'll ſay this for thee, thou art the honeſteſt Landlady upon the face of the earth, which makes me deſire to live in your houſe; and you ſhall not loſe by't: do but mark the end.

*Wid.* I ſtand not ſo much upon that; but I uſe to ha' Lawyers in my houſe, ſuch civil compleat gentlemen in their Sattin doublets (I warrant you) and broad ruffs, as paſſes; and Courtiers, all to be lac'd and ſlaſht, and fine fellows as you ſhall ſee in a ſummers day; they would not ſay Why do ye this? to a woman: and then Knights.

*Tab.* I, and Gentlemen too, mother.

*Wid.* But you, forſooth, come in drunk every night, and fall a ſweari g as if you would rend the houſe in two, and then mumble and tumble my daughters cloathes, ſhe ſays.

*Tab.*

*Tab.* I, and would have——

*Cutt.* What would we have done?

*Tab.* Nay no good, I warrant you.

*Wid.* And then you drink up a kilderkin of ſmall beer next morning.

*Dog.* All this ſhall be corrected and amended, Landlady: yes faith, *Cutter*, thou muſt repent, thou haſt been to blame ſometimes.

*Wid.* Beſides, you are always ſo full of your fripperies, and are always a grinning and ſneering at every thing: I was wont to have ſober boorders in my houſe, and not ſuch hee-hee-heeing fellows.

*Tab.* Nay, they mock'd and fleer'd at us as we ſung the Pſalm the laſt Sunday-night.

*Cutt.* That was that mungrel Rhymer; by this light, he envies his brother Poet honeſt *John Sternhold*, becauſe he cannot reach his heights.

*Wid.* O the father! the Colonel's as full of waggery as an egge's full of meat: I warrant, M. *Degrel*, what you get by him you may e'en put i' your eye, and ne'er ſee the worſe for't.

*Cutt.* Well, and how doſt ifaith now, honeſt Landlady? when ſhall we walk again into Moor-fields, and rejoyce at the Queens Cake-houſe?

*Dog.* I'll beſpeak Cakes and Ale o'th' purpoſe there; and thou ſhalt eat ſtew'd Prunes, little *Tabytha*, till thy ſmock drop again. A word i' you ear, Landlady: Can you accommodate us with two ſhillings?

To morrow ere the roſie finger'd morn
Starts from *Tithonus* bed, as Authors write;
Ere *Phœbus* cry Gee-hoe unto his team,
We will reſtore again, and thank you for your pain.

*Cutt.* I'll tell you a ſecret, Landlady: Captain *Blade* and I ſhall be call'd ſhortly to the Court; the King has taken notice of our deſerts: I ſay no more: though yet thou ſcorn'ſt me, *Tabytha*, I'll make thee a Lady one day. Will you lend, widow? Great affairs bid me make haſte.

*Wid.* I care not much if I truſt you for once: Come in and take it.

*Dog.* Then Miſtreſs let me lead you thus,
And as we go let's buſs.

*Tab.* Buſs me no buſſings. O lord, how you tumble my gorget! *Exeunt.*

## Act. 1. Scæn. 2.

*Captain Blade*, ſolus.

I could now be as melancholy as an old ſcabbie Maſtiff, or the Lions in the Tower: 'twere a good humour to repent. Well, Captain, ſomething muſt be done, unleſs a man could get true gems by drinking, or, like a mouſe in a cheeſe, enlarge his houſe-room by eating. Four hundred pound a yeer caſhier'd? Four hundred, by this light, Captain. All my comfort is, that now the uſurer's damn'd; and now that niggardly threeſcore and ten wither'd chap-faln Puritanical thing, his wife, refuſes to marry me: I would ſee her burnt for an old witch before I'd take her for a wife, if ſhe had not Agues, Squinancies, Gouts, Cramps, Palſies, Apoplexies, and two dozen of diſeaſes more then S. *Thomas* Hoſpital; and if ſhe live long with all theſe, I'm ſure ſhe'll kill me quickly. But let her be damn'd with her husband: Bring ſome drink, boy; I'm ſoxt, by this light, with drinking nothing yet.

## Act. 1. Scæn. 3.

*Blade, Cutter, Degrel.*

*Blade.* What are ye come? Bring us a Tun then, and that ſo big, that that of Heidelberg may ſeem but like a barrel of pickl'd Oyſters to't. Welcome Snapſack, welcome little vermin of *Parnaſſus*: how is't, my Laureate Rhymer? doſt thou ſing *Fortune my foe* ſtill with thy brother Poet?

*Dog.* Ye Muſes nine aſſiſt my verſe,
That dwell by *Helicon* along;
Captain *Blades* praiſe I will rehearſe,
With lyre and with ſong.

*Bla.* Why this right Ballad, and they hobble like the fellow with the wooden leg that

that ſings them. And how doſt, man o' blood?

*Cutt.* As well as a man of worth can do in theſe days, where deſerts are ſo little regarded: if Wars come once, who but *Cutter?* who elſe but Colonel *Cutter?* God ſave you, Colonel *Cutter*, cry the Lords; the Ladies they ſmile upon Colonel *Cutter*, and call Colonel *Cutter* a proper Gentleman: every man ſtrives who ſhall invite Colonel *Cutter* to dinner: not a Cuckoldly creditor dares pluck me by the cloak, and ſay, Sir, you forgot your promiſe, I'm in a ſtrait for moneys, my occaſions force me, or the like.

*Bla.* Cheer up, my *Hercules* upon a ſigne, I have a plot for ye, which if it thrive, thou ſhalt no more lie ſunning in a bowling-alley, nor go on ſpecial holidays to the three-peny Ordinary, and then cry It pleaſes my humor better then to dine at my Lord Maiors.

*Cutt.* Would we had ſome drink here to ſtop your mouth.

*Bla.* No more be ſick two or three days while thy boots are vamping: no more outſwear whores in a reckoning, and leave the houſe in an anger.

*Cut.* Ha' you done?

*Bla.* Nor ſup at Taverns with Radiſhes: nor for a meals meat o'erthrow the King of Spain of the Hollanders when you pleaſe: nor when you go to bed produce ten ſeveral Tavern ſnuffs to make one pipe of Tobacco.

*Cut.* 'Slid would I had one here.

*Bla.* Nor change your name and lodging as often as a whore; for as yet, if you had liv'd like a Tartar in a cart, (as you muſt die, I fear, in one) your home could not have been more uncertain. Your laſt Geſts were theſe: From a Water-mans houſe at the Banks ſide, (marry you ſtay'd there but a ſmall while, becauſe the fellow was jealous of his wife) paſſing o'er like great King *Xerxes* in a Sculler, you arriv'd at a Chandlers houſe in Thames-ſtreet, and there took up your lodging. The day before you ſhould have paid, you walkt abroad, and were ſeen no more; for ever after the ſmell of the place offended you. Next, you appear'd at an Ale-houſe i'th' Covent-Garden, like a Duck that dives at one end of the pond, but riſes unexpectedly at the other. But that place (though there was Beer and Tobacco there) by no means pleas'd you; for there dwelt ſo many cheaters thereabouts, that you could not live by one another; they ſpoil'd your trade quite. Then from a Shoo-makers, (as you entitl'd him; marry ſome authors call him a Cobler) to a Basket-makers; from thence to the Counter: from thence, after much benevolence, to a Barbers; changing more lodgings then *Pythagoras* his ſoul did. At length, upon confidence of thoſe new breeches, and the ſcouring of that everlaſting Buff, you ventur'd upon the widows, that famous houſe for boorders, and are by this time hoyſing up your ſails, I'm ſure; the next fair winde y'are gone.

*Cut.* I wonder, Captain, among ſo many raſcally houſes, how I happen'd to miſs yours. 'Tis true, I have not lien leaguer always at one place: Souldiers muſt remove their tents: *Alexander* the Great did it an hundred times.

*Bla.* Now to the words of comfort---drink firſt--then Lordings liſten all.

*Dog.* We do, both great and ſmall.
O my conſcience this cup of wine has done my genius good.

*Bla.* When firſt my brother departed--

*Dog.* 'Twas poorly ſpoken, by this day.

*Bla.* He committed his daughter and eſtate to my care; which if ſhe either di'd, or married without my conſent, he bequeath'd all to me. Being five years gone, he died.

*Dog.* How frail is humane life! Well ſung the divine Poet

*Like to the damask roſe you ſee,*
*Or like the bloſſom on the tree,*
*Or like, &c.*

*Cutt.* Sirrah, Trundle, either hear out peaceably, or I ſhall cut your ears off. Proceed, Captain.

*Bla.* I falling into *ill* company, yours, or ſome other ſuch idle fellows, began to be miſled, could drink and ſwear, nay, at laſt, whore ſometimes too; which courſes having now at laſt made me like *Job* in every thing

but

but patience; your Landlady (for to her husband my estate was morgag'd) I have sought all means to marry.

*Dog.* That *Niobe!* that *Hecuba!*

*Bla.* Pish! I could have lien with either of the two, so 't had been before *Hecuba* was turn'd into a bitch, or t'other into a stone: for though I hate her worse then small beer.

*Cutt.* Or pal'd wine.

*Dog.* Or proverbs and Latine sentences in discourse.

*Cutt* Or a Sermon of two hours long.

*Bla.* Or *Dogrels* verses, or what you will else; yet she has money, blades; she would be a Guiana or Peru to me, and we should drink four or five yeers securely, like Dutchmen at a Wedding. But hang her, let her die and go to hell, 'tis onely that can warm her: she scorns me now my money's gone.

*Dog.* Thus Pride doth still with Beauty dwell,
And like the Baltick ocean swell.

*Bla.* Why the Baltick, *Dogrel?*

*Dog.* Why the Baltick? This tis not to have read the Poets.

*Bla.* Now if my neece should marry, *præsto*, the means are gone; and I must, like some Gentleman without fear or regard of the gallows, betake my self to the high-way, or else cheat like one of you, and tremble at the sight of a pillory. Therefore-- (prick up your ears, for your good angel speaks) upon conditions of share, I marry her to one of you.

*Bord.* I but how, Captain? how?

*Bla* Why either she shall have one of you, or no body; for if she marry without my consent, the money's mine own: and she'll be hang'd first i'th' Friers rope, ere she turn Nun.

*Cutt.* I'll be a Franciscan, if she do.

*Bla.* Not a Carthusian, I warrant thee, to abstain from flesh. Thou mightst well have taken holy Orders, if it were not for chastity and obedience: their other vow of never carrying money about thee, thou hast observed from thy youth up.

*Dog.* I'll have her, by *Mercury*; I have two or three Love-odes ready made; they can't chuse but win her. *Cutter*, adore me, *Cutter*, thou shalt have wine thy fill, though thou couldst out-drink *Xerxes* his army.

*Cutt.* You get her? what with that Ember week-face of thine? that Rasor of thy nose, those ears that prick up like a Puritanical button-makers of *Amsterdam?* thou lookst as if thou never hadst been fed since thou suck'dst thy mothers milk: thy cheeks begin to fall into thy mothers mouth, that thou mightst eat 'em. Why thou very lath with a thing cut like a face atop, and a slit at the bottom! I am a man, and can do her service; here's metal, boy.

*Dog.* 'Tis i' your face then.

*Cutt.* I can fight her quarrels, boy, and beget on her new *Achilleses*.

*Dog.* Yes--thou art a very *Achilles*--in the swiftness of thy feet: but thou art a worser coward then any of the Train'd Bands: I'll have a school-boy with a cat-stick take away thy Mistress from thee. Besides, what parts hast thou? hast thou scholarship enough to make a Brewers clerk? Canst thou read the Bible? I'm sure thou hast not. Canst thou write more then thine own name? and that in such vile characters, that most men take them for Arabian pot-hooks; and some think thou dost but set thy mark when thou writest thy name. I'm vers'd, *Cutter* in the whole Encyclopædie, a word that's Greek to you. I am a Wit, and can make Greek verses *ex tempore*.

*Bla.* Nay not so; for if you come to your verses, *Degrel*, I'm sure you ha' done with wit. He that best pleases her, take her a Gods name, and allow the tother a pension: What think you, gallants?

*Cutt.* Agreed; thou shalt have three pound and a cloak.

*Dog.* Away, you puff, you kickshaw, you quaking custard.

*Cutt.* Prethee be patient, thou shalt have lace to't too.

*Bla.* Pox take you both; drink and be friends.

*Dog.* Here's to you, *Cutter*. I'm something cholerick, and given to jeering: but what, man? words are but winde.

*Bla.* I'il call her in. Why boy within three, call my neece quickly hither.

*Dog.*

*Deg.* I'm undone; I ha' left my Ode at home: undone, by *Mercury*, unleſs my memory help me.

*Curt.* Thus and thus will I accoaſt her: I'm the man; *Degrels* clothes will caſt him.

## Act. 1. Scæn. 4.

*Blade, Cutter, Degrel, Lucia.*

*Bla.* When ſhe has ſeen you both, one void the room, and ſo wooe by turns.

*Degrel.* I'll go out firſt, and meditate upon my Ode.

*Bla.* Welcome, dear neece; I ſent for you to entertain theſe Gentlemen my friends: and heark you neece, make much of them; they are men of worth and credit at the Court, though they go ſo plain; that's their humour onely: And heark you, neece, they both love you; you cannot chuſe amiſs. I ha' ſome buſineſs—— Your ſervant, Gentlemen.

*Luc.* Not chuſe amiſs? indeed I muſt do, Uncle, if I ſhould chuſe again. Y'are welcom, Gentlemen.

*Curt.* I thank you, faireſt Lady: I am a Souldier, Lady, and cannot complement; but I ha' travell'd over all the world, Germany, Morocco, Swethland, Perſia, France, Hungary, Caleput, Peru.

*Deg.* 'Slid, how he ſhuffles all the Countries together like lots in a hat!

*Curt.* Yet I never ſaw before ſo fair a Lady. I cannot complement i'faith.

*Luc.* Y'have taken a long journey, Sir,
'twere beſt
To reſt your ſelf a little: Will you ſit?
Will you, Sir, take a ſeat too?

*Deg.* 'Slife I can't ſay my Ode now. I'll wait upon you preſently. *Exit.*

*Curt.* Fair Lady—(This 'tis to converſe with none but whores: I know not what to ſay to her.)
You are the onely miſtreſs of my thoughts.
My ſervice to you, Lady. *Drinks to her.*

*Luc.* To me, Sir, do you ſpeak, or to the wine?

*Curt.* To you, by *Mars*. Can you love me, Beauty? I'm ſure your uncle prefers no man under the cope——

*Luc.* Soft, Sir, d'ye uſe to take in Towns ſo ſoon?
My uncle gave an equal commendation
To both of you.

*Curt.* What? to that mole-catcher i'th' old Serge? he brought him in for humour, to make you ſport. I'll tell you what he is.

*Luc.* Pray do, Sir.

*Curt.* The very embleme of poverty and poor poetry: the feet are worſe patcht of his Rhymes, then of his Stockings: if one line forget it ſelf, and run out beyond his elbow, while the next keeps at home (like him) and dares not ſhew his head; he calls that an Ode. Your uncle and I maintain him onely for ſport. I'll tell you how I found him; marry walking in Moor-fields croſs arm'd: he could not pluck his hat over his eyes, there were ſo many holes in it: he had not ſo much linen about him as would make a cuff for a Bartlemew-fayr-baby. Marry the worſt I like in him is, he will needs ſometimes, in way of gratitude, preſent me with a paper of Verſes. Here comes the vermin.

## Act. 1. Scæn. 5.

*Cutter, Degrel, Lucia.*

I'll leave him alone with you, that you may have the better ſport: he'll not ſhew half his tricks before me. I think I ha' ſpoil'd his markets. Now will I ſtand behinde the hangings, and hear how ſhe abuſes him. I know by her eye ſhe loves me. *Cutter*, thou'rt bleſt *Exit.*

*Deg.* Fairer, O fairer then the Lilly,
Then Primeroſe fair, or Daffadilly;
Leſs red then thy cheeks the Roſe is,
When the Spring it doth diſcloſe his
Leaves; thy eyes put down the ſtar-light;
When they ſhine, we ſee afar—light.
O theſe eyes do wound my heart
With pretty little *Cupids* dart;
Wounded I am with deadly ſmart;
The pain raigns in every part.

Thy beauty and thy great desart
Draw me as horses draw a Cart.
O that I had Rhetorick's art--impart-fart-mart-start.
To move thee; for I would not start
Till I--

*Luc.* Take heed, Sir, you'll be out of breath anon.
Y'ha' done enough for any honest Poet.

*Dog.* Fairest nymph, I swear to thee,
The later part was made *ex tempore*?
Not a bit of prose goes down with me.

*Luc.* (I must know't.)
May I be so bold as to enquire of you
Your friends name that was here; he seems to be
A man of worth and quality. *Cut.* That's I.

*Dog.* Quality? yes? *Cut* That's I again. If whoring, drinking, cheating, poverty and cowardice be qualities, he's one of the best qualified men in the Christian world.

*Cut.* O the devil!

*Luc.* He's a great traveller.

*Dog.* In suburbs and by-lanes; he never heard a gun but in Moor-fields or Finsbury at a mustering. and quak'd then as if they had been the Spaniards: I'll undertake a Pot-gun shall dismay him.

*Cut.* A plague upon him--

*Dog.* Those breeches he wears. and his hat, I gave him: till then, he went like a Paper-mill all in rags, and like some old statue in a ruin'd Abbey. About a month ago, you might ha' seen him peep out at a grate, and cry, *Kinde merciful Gentlemen, for the Lords sake, poor prisoners undone by suretiship*, and the like.

*Cut.* Contain thy self, great spirit; keep in a while.

*Dog.* We call him Colonel in an humour onely. The furniture of his chamber (for now, at mine and some other Gentlemens charges, he has got one) is half a chair, and an earthen chamber-pot, the bottom of an inkhorn for a candlestick, and a dozen of little gally-pots with salve in 'um; for he has more diseases---

*Cut.* I can endure no longer. *Enters.* *Dogrel*, thou lyest; there's my glove; meet me an hour hence.

*Dog.* And there's mine. I'll put a good face on't; he dares not fight, I'm sure.

*Cut.* Two hours hence
Expect the Saracens head; I'll do't, by heavens.
Though hills were set on hills, and seas met seas, to guard thee,
I'd reach thy head, thy head, proud *Dogrel*.

*Exit.*

*Luc.* Nay, y'are both even: just such an ex'lent character
He did bestow on you. Why thou vile wretch
Go to the stews, the gaole, seek there a wife;
Thou'lt finde none there but such as will scorn thee.
Was thy opinion of my birth or fortune,
My chastity or beauty (which I willingly
Confess to be but small) so poor and lowe,
That thou couldst think thy self a match for me?
I'll sooner marry with my grave; for thou
Art worser dirt then that. See me no more.

*Exit.*

*Dog.* Scorn'd by a mistress? with a friend to fight?
Hence, lighter Odes; I'll biting Satyrs write. *Exit.*

## Act. 1. Scæn. 6.

*Truman* filius, *Lucia.*

*Tru.* I must be gone, my *Lucia*; I must leave
My self, and thee more then my self, behinde me.
Thus parts the greedy usurer from his bags;
With an heart heavier then those: he fixes
His covetous eye upon the charming metal,
As if he meant to throng those many pleasures
Which several times would yeeld, into one minute.
With as much joy he kisses his lov'd Idol,
As I do thee, to whom all gold compar'd,
Seems but like Pebbles to the Diamond:
And then he sighs, my *Lucia*.

*Luc.* And weeps too, if, like us, he bid farewel.
Why should your father be so cruel?

*Tru.* He's old and angry, *Lucia*, very angry,
And

And either has forgot his youthful days,
Or else I'll swear he did not love my mother
With half that noble heat that I do thee:
For when he heard your uncles resolutions,
Doubting your portion if we two should marry,
He forc'd me to an oath so strange, which though
I then durst swear, I scarce dare now repeat;
An oath ne'er more to see nor hear thee, *Lucia*,
After the envious shortness of this hour,
Without his leave.

*Luc.* You will forget me quite then.

*Tru.* Forget thee, *Lucia*? 'tis not death it self
Has so much Lethe in't: I shall not chuse
In the long sleep o'th grave, but dream of thee,
If it be true that souls which leave hid treasures
(Being buried far less peaceable then their gold)
Walk up and down, and in their urns want rest,
How will my ghost then wander, which has left
Such precious wealth behinde it? Sure it will
Desire to see thee, and I fear will fright thee.
I would say more, but I shall weep anon.

*Exit.*

*Luc.* So quickly gone! he might have staid, me thinks,
A little longer, and I ow'd that happiness
To the misfortune of his future absence.
Why did he swear to's father? I'm a fool,
And know not what to say.

## Act 1. Scæn. 7.

*Truman* filius, *Lucia*.

*Tru.* Stay, *Lucia*, prithee stay; I had forgot
The business which I came for.

*Luc.* I owe much
To your forgetfulness, my *Truman*: if
It be such always, though you forget me,
I'll pardon you. What was your business, pray?

*Tru.* To kiss your hand, my dearest.

*Luc.* Was that all?
I'm glad to see your grief so small and light,
That it can finde leasure to complement:
'Tis not like mine, believe me.

*Tru.* Was not that business, *Lucia*?
In my opinion now, th'affairs of Kings,
The honourable troubles of a Counsellor,
Are frivolous and light, compar'd to this.
May I not kiss your lips too, dearest *Lucia*?
I have an inward dropsie; and my remedy
Enflames my thirst: 'tis that best Nectar onely
Which has the power to quench it.

*Luc.* If there be Nectar there,
It was your lip that brought it thither first;
And you may well be bold to claim your own.
Shall we sit down and talk a little while?
They will allow us sure a parting-time.

*Tru.* And that I would not change, not this poor minute
In which I see, and hear, and touch thee, *Lucia*,
For th'age of Angels, unless thy lov'd presence
Make a heav'n there for me too.
What shall I do to bring the days t'an end?
Sure they'll be tedious when I want thy company.

*Luc.* I'll pray for the success of our chaste loves,
And drop down tears for beads.

*Tru.* I'll read o'er the large volume of the creatures;
And where I finde one full of grace and beauty,
I'll gaze and think on that; for that 's thy picture.

*Luc.* Whatever kinde of Needle-work I make,
Thy name I'll intermingle, till at last,
Without my mindes conjunction and consent,
The needle and my hand shall both agree
To draw thy name out.

*Tru.* I will garber flowers,
Turn wanton in the trueness of my love,
And make a posie too, where *Lucia*
Shall be mysteriously writ in flow'rs:

They ſhall be fair and ſweet, ſuch as may paint
And ſpeak thee to my ſenſes.
*Within.* Miſtreſs *Lucia*, *Lucia.*
*Luc.* I am call'd: farewel.

## Act. 1. Scæn. 8.

*Truman* filius, *Lucia*, *Aurelia.*

*Aur.* My father, couſin, would ſpeak with you.
*Luc.* I'll wait upon him. *Exit.*
*Aur.* Will you be gone ſo ſoon, Sir?
*Tru.* I muſt offend your father elſe.
*Aur.* You would have ſtay'd longer with her, I'm ſure.
*Tru.* It may be ſo. Your ſervant, Lady. *Exit.*
*Aur.* Contemn'd by all? while my proud couſin walks
With more eyes on her then the moon: but I,
Like ſome ſmall petty ſtar without a name,
Caſt unregarded beams.
It muſt not be; I ſnatch of all thoſe glories
Which beauty or feign'd vertue crown her with,
Till her ſhort light confeſs her but a Comet.
I love thee, *Truman*; but ſince 'tis my fate
To love ſo ill, I'll try how I can hate.

*Finis Actus primi.*

---

## Act. 2. Scæn. 1.

*Cutter*, *Dogrel.*

*Cut.* Come on, *Dogrel*, now will I cut your throat.
*Dog.* You'll be hang'd firſt.
*Cut.* No, by this light.
*Dog.* You'll be hang'd after then.
*Cut.* I'll ſlice thee into ſteaks.
*Dog.* I believe indeed thou art ſo hungry, thou couldſt feed like a *Cannibal.*
*Cut.* No, thou'lt be a diſh for the devil; he'll dreſs thee at his own fire. You call'd me Coward: hadſt thou as many lives as are in *Plutarch*, I'd make an end of 'um. (I muſt daunt him, for fear he ſhould fight with me.) I will not leave ſo much blood in thee as will wet my nail: and for thy fleſh, I'll mangle it in ſuch manner, that the Crowes ſhall not know whether it were a mans body or no.
*Dog.* (He was once a Coward, and I never heard yet of his reformation.)
Hear, thou altitonant *Jove*, and Muſes three.
(Muſes? a plague upon 'um I meant Furies.)
Hear, thou altitonant *Jove*, and Furies three.
*Cut.* Nay then
Leap from the leathern dungeon of my ſheath,
Thou *Durindana* brave.
(Will nothing do?) Come on, miſcreant. *They draw.*
*Dog.* Do, do, ſtrike if thou dar'ſt.
*Cut.* Coward, I'll give thee the advantage of the firſt puſh.
*Dog.* I ſcorn to take any thing of thee I.
*Cut.* Thou hadſt better eat up thy mothers ſoul, then touch me.
*Dog.* If thou wilt not ſtrike firſt, take thy life.
*Cut.* I had rather die then give the firſt blowe, ſince thou haſt ſaid it.
*Dog.* I ſee this quarrel, *Cutter*, will come to a quart of wine: ſhall's go?
*Cut.* How raſh is anger! had not reaſon check'd me,
I ſhould have kill'd my Poet for a woman,
A very woman. Let's ſheath, *Dogrel.*

## Act. 2. Scæn. 2.

*Cutter*, *Dogrel*, *Puny.*

Here's company; 'ſlid I'll fight then.
*Pun.* How now, Paynims? fighting like two ſea-fiſhes in a map? ſlaying and killing like horſe-leaches? Why my little gallimaufry, what Arms and Arts?
*Dog.* *Tam Marti, quam Mercurio*, I. 'Slife, outbrav'd by a fellow that has no more valour

valour in him then a womans Tailor?

*Cutt.* By my fathers Soul, I'll kill him an he were an Army.

*Pun.* Hold! ſtop! this Colonels ſpirit's all flame.

*Dog.* 'Tis the flame of a flap-dragon then, for 'twill hurt no body.

*Cutt.* Mr. *Puny*, you do me wrong.

*Pun.* What do ye mean buſſes?

*Cutt.* 'Slife, an you hinder me *Puny*.—

*Pun.* Pox take you, kill one another and be hanged then, doe, ſtab, why don't ye?

*Cutt.* At your command Mr. *Puny*? I'll be forc'd by no man; put up *Dogrel*, wee'll fight for no mans pleaſure but our own.

*Dog.* Agreed, I'll not make another ſport by murthering any man though he were a Tinker.

*Pun.* Why now you ſpeak like righteous Homuncles, ye ha' both great ſpirits, as big as Indian-whales, for wit and valour a couple of Phœnixes.

*Cut.* 'Tis my fault *Puny*; I'm the reſoluteſt man if I be but a little heated. Pox take't, I'm a fool for't.

*Dog.* Give me thy hand.

*Cutt.* I did not think thou hadſt been ſo valiant, i'faith: I ſhould have killed my ſelf, if I had hurt thee in my fury.

*Dog.* So ſhould I by this hand.

*Pun.* This is rare! up and down like a game at cheſs;

*Dog.* Why a game at cheſs more then any other?

*Pun.* A game at cheſs? why-pox thou'rt a kinde of Poet I confeſs, but for wit you ſhall pardon me—ther's as much in *Tom Coriats* ſhooes. But prithee, why did you two Pythagorians fall out?

*Dog.* A trifle, onely a Miſtris.

*Cutt.* A pox take her, I woo'd her in an humor onely, I had rather marry a wench of ginger-bread, they're both of a Complexion.

*Dog.* And then her mouth's as wide as a Crocodiles, her kiſſes devour a man.

*Cutt.* Her eyes are like the eyes of a needle, and her noſe pointed like that; I wonder her face is no cleaner, for thoſe two perpetually water it: As for her lower parts, bleſſed are they that live in ignorance.

*Pun.* What an Heliogabalus make you of this wench? would I could ſee this Barbara Pyramidum.

*Dog.* Hang her, ſhe looks like a gentlewoman upon the top of a ballad.

*Cutt.* Shavers, who i the divels name would you gueſs to be my Miſtris?

*Pun.* Some wench at a red lattice.

*Dog.* Some beaſt that ſtincks worſe then Thames-ſtreet.

*Pun.* And looks like a ſhoulder of mutton ſtuft with parſly.

*Cutt.* 'Faith gueſs who.

*Pun.* 'Tis impoſſible among ſo many whores.

*Cutt.* 'Faith *Tabitha*, none but gentle Miſtris *Tabitha*.

*Dog.* We ſhall have him turn Browniſt now, and read Comments upon the Revelations.

*Cutt.* Thou haſt hit it *Dogrel*: I'le put my ſelf into a rare garbe; Buffe, thou muſt off, truſty Buffe thou muſt.

*Pun.* 'Slid, a good humour; I could find in my heart to change religion too.

*Dog.* Pox! no body will change with me, I'm ſure. But canſt thou put off ſwearing with Buffe? canſt thou abſtain in the middle of long grace from crying a plague upon him, the meats cold? canſt thou repeat ſcripture enough to make a Puritan? I'me ſure for underſtanding thou'lt be like enough to any of 'um.

*Cutt.* Let me alone, I'le deal with no oath above gods fatlikins, or by my truly: exclaim upon the ſickneſs of drinking healths, and call the Players rogues, ſing pſalms, hear lectures; and if I chance to preach my ſelf, woe be to the act, the object, the uſe, and application.

*Pun.* Thou art an everlaſting ſtinker Colonel, 'tis a moſt potent humour, ther's muſtard in't, it bits i the noſe.

*Cutt. Dogrel*, take heed of ſwearing before *Tabitha*.

*Dog.* If I look not as grave as a Judge upon the bench, let me be hanged for't.

*Pun.* Come away Phyſitians; 'slid I'le be of ſome Religion ere t be long too.

## Act 2. Scæn. 3.

*Truman* pater, *Truman* filius.

*Tru.* p. You hear me--

*Tru.* f. Sir--

*Tru.* p. Sir me no firs: I say you shall marry Mistris *Tabitha*.

*Tru.* f. I hope sir--

*Tru.* p. I, when I bid you do any thing, then you are a hoping; well, what do you hope sir?

*Tru.* f. That you'ld be pleas'd--

*Tru.* p. No, I will not be pleas'd till I see your manners mended: marry gap, you'le be teaching your father.

*Tru.* f. I am--

*Tru.* p. Go to, you're a foolish boy, and know not what's good for your self: you are? what are you, pray? we shall ha' you crow over your father.

*Tru.* f. I shall observe--

*Tru.* p. You will not sure? will you observe me? 'tis very well if my son come to observe me i'my old days, you will observe me? will ye?

*Tru.* f. I mean sir--

*Tru.* p. You shall mean what I please, if you be mine: I must be bound to your meaning?

*Tru.* f. It may be--

*Tru.* p. You'll teach me what may be, will you? do not I know what may be? 'tis fine, 'tis very fine: now i'your wisdom, now what may be?

*Tru.* f. That Captain *Blade*--

*Tru.* p. That what? what can he do? I'll see his nose cheese before you shall marry his neece. Captain *Blade*'s a swaggering companion; let 'um swagger, and see what he gets by his swaggering; I would have swaggered with him for his ears when I was a young man'. And though I ha' done swaggering-well-I shall meet with Captain *Blade*, I hold him a tester on't-

*Tru.* f. (Would he were gone.) I shall obey-

*Tru.* p. Obey me no obeyings, but do what I command you. I'll to the Widow, and talk about her portion: stay! I had almost forgot to tel you; oh-Mistris *Tabitha*'s a vertuous maid, a very religious wench; I'll go speak concerning her portion.

*Tru.* f. It may be sir---

*Tru.* p. You'll never leave this trick, you'll be at your may-bees; take heed boy, this humour will undoe thee---she cannot have less then three thousand pounds: well-I'll go see-and d'ee hear? she goes plain, and is a good huswife; which of your spruce mincing squincing dames can make bone-lace like her? o tis a notable, apt, quick, witty girle---I'll goe to her mother about the portion. *Exit.*

*Tru.* f. About this time her letter promis'd me a meeting here: destiny it self will sooner break its word then she. Dear Mistris, there's none here besides your vassal. She's ready---

## Act. 2. Scæn. 4.

*Truman* filius, *Lucia* veil'd.

Ha! why this covering?
This is mistery darker then the veile
That clouds thy glorious face; unless t'encrease
My desire first, and then my joy to see thee,
Thou cast this subtler night before thy beauty.
And now like one scorched with some raging feaver,
Upon whose flames nor dew nor sleep hath faln,
I could begin to quarrel with the darkness,
And blame the slothful rising of the morn;
But with more gladness entertain't, then they,
Whose icy dwellings the cold Bare ore-looks,
When after half the yeers continued night,
And the most tedious night of all but death;
A sudden light shot from their horizon,
Brings the long wisht-for day, which with such glory
Leaps from the East, as doth thy mateless beauty.

When

When thus the mist departs-- *Offers to pull*
Why shrinkst thou back? *away the*
I prithee let me see thee, *Lucia.* *veil.*
I'd rather some good power would strike me blinde,
Then lose the cause for which I love mine eyes:
At least speak to me: well may I call it night,
When silence too has joyn'd it self to darkness.
And did I not swear I would not--
Thy witty goodness can save others too
From sinning: I had quite forgot my oath:
Yet sure an oath forc'd from a lovers tongue
Is not recorded in heav'ns dreadful book,
But scatter'd loosely by that breath that made it.
However thy blest Letter makes me patient:
Thou giv'st all vertues: I can love thee thus.
And though thy skin were such, that it might seem
A black veil cast by nature o'er thy body,
Yet I would love thee, *Lucia*: every night,
Which is the harvest-time of all our hopes,
Will make thee as th'art now; and dost thou think
I shall not love thee most then?
We trifle here: I'll follow thee, O heaven;
Prosper the wise invention which it hath taught thee. *Exeunt.*

## Act. 2. Scæn. 5.

Captain *Blade*, *Servant.*

*Bla.* Is he carried to prison? that damn'd Urinal-monger, that stinking Clyster-pipe-rogue! that ignorant Sattin cap! He has not so much physick as would cure the tooth-ach. A slave that poisons Gentlemen, to keep his hand in ure. Must a slave come up stairs, mount the bank for money, and not be dishonoured down? He look'd as patiently then, as any Fidler need to do. Give me some small beer, and the godly book; I must not go to hell; there are too many Physitians there. I was never in a worse disposition to die, in my life: my guts begin to squeak already. Nothing vexes me now, but that I shall stand pictur'd in a Ballad, with *Beware the physitian*, or some such sentence, coming out of my mouth. I shall be sung in Smithfield: not a blinde Ale-house, but *the life and miserable death of captain Blade* shall be pasted up in: there shall I be brought confessing my sins at the later end, and giving good counsel. (You will be jumbling still.) Ten to one but *Degrel* makes an Epitaph; there's another mischief. Here, take the book again; I'll not trouble my brain now I'm a dying.

*Serv.* Here's the widow, Sir, and her daughter, come to see you; and they have brought M. *Knockdown* to comfort you.

*Bla.* How? everlasting *Knockdown*? 'Slid, will they trouble a man when he's a dying? Sirrah, blockhead, let in *Knockdown*, and I'll send thee to heaven before me. I ha' but an hour to live, my Physitian says, and that's too little for him to preach in.

*Serv.* Shall I let the widow come in?

*Blade.* That's a she-*Knockdown* too. Well, let her come in; I must bear all torments patiently now. But, rogue, take heed of *Joseph Knockdown*: thou shalt not live with ears, if *Joseph Knockdown* enter. A plague upon all Physitians.

## Act. 2. Scæn. 6.

Capt. *Blade*, *Widow*, *Tabytha.*

*Wid.* How do you? how is't, Sir?

*Bla.* Cut off i'the flower o' my age, widow.

*Wid.* Not so, Sir, you are old, neighbour, God he knows.

*Bla.* I' the very flower, i'faith. That damn'd quacksalver.

*Tab.* He look'd like a rogue; a man might know him for a rogue, by his very eyes. Take comfort, Sir; ye know we must all die either sooner or later. Our life is compared to a flower; and a flower is subject to uncertainty, as M. *Knockdown* observes.

*Bla.* O the torture of such a tongue! Would I were dead already.

*Wid.*

*Wid.* Alas, good man! his tongue, I warrant ye, is hot: look how he raves, daughter! I have heard, indeed, that many rave when they are poiſon'd. Think o' your ſins, Sir.

*Bla.* I prithee moleſt me not; there's none of 'um worth thinking of. I'm hotter then a dozen of Fevers: give me a cup of Sack there: Shall I die thirſty?

*Wid.* By no means, M. *Blade.* Fellow take heed what ye give him: he muſt ha' none; it breeds inflammations.

*Bla.* I'll never repent without a cup of Sack. Do, do, chuſe whether you'll ha'me ſav'd or no.

*Wid.* For his ſouls ſake then, I'll drink to him in a cup of Sack. *Drinks.*

*Bla* To my good journey widow. Sirrah, fill me a brimmer. Here, *Tabytha.* *Drinks.*

## Act. 2. Scæn. 7.

*Blade, Widow, Tabytha, Aurelia, Cutter, Degrel.*

*Aur.* Stand to 't now.

*Deg.* I'll warrant you I'll ſtand like a knight o'the poſt: I'll forſwear with the devil. As for *Cutter*, he has don't fourty times before a Judge already.

*Aur.* My deareſt father, though we cannot call
The ſentence of fate back that's paſt upon you,
Yet heav'n has mixt ſome mercy with its anger,
And ſhewn us the curſt plotters of your ruine.

*Bla.* How now, varlets? ye ſee I'm going to heaven, and ye muſt follow; but the Captain muſt be ſav'd before the Colonel. Who art thou? a godly Weaver?

*Cut.* I am not he that I was of old: what hath paſſed, is gone and vaniſheth; but what is now, remaineth.

*Wid.* No I'll beſworn is he not; never was Chriſtian creature ſo alter'd, as they ſay.

*Tab.* He ſaid a prayer laſt night ſo zealouſly, that all the houſe heard him, did they not? Brother M. *Cutter.*

*Cut.* Siſter, I did pour out my ſelf laſt night. Captain, y'are abus'd.

*Bla.* A ſmall abuſe; nothing but onely poiſon'd.

*Deg.* Yes 'faith, we ſaw the Phyſitian, Miſtreſs *Lucia* and *Truman* conſulting all together: the Phyſitian pluck'd a box out, ſhew'd it them; they ſeem'd to approve: an oath of ſecreſie we heard them take, but ſuſpected nothing, by this hand. We honeſt men do ſeldom ſuſpect others.

*Bla.* Is this true, Colonel?

*Cut.* Should I ſay it is not true, I ſhould not tell the truth if I ſhould ſay ſo.

*Bla.* You ſwear 'tis true?

*Cut.* Before an Elder I ſhall ſwear.

*Bla. Aurelia*, ſend for 'um immediately, as if I meant to ſee 'um contracted; and bid the ſervants be ready to carry 'um away. I'll ſee 'um clapt up cloſe before I die.

*Aur.* I go, Sir. *Exit.*

## Act. 2. Scæn. 8.

*Blade, Widow, Tabytha, Cutter, Degrel, Lucia.*

*Luc.* Deareſt Uncle,
I come to beg one boon of you, the laſt
Which you can grant me, or I need to wiſh.

*Bla.* Speak, gentle Neece.

*Luc.* That ſince the love 'twixt *Truman* and my ſelf
Hath been ſo fixt, and (as our fortunes) equal,
You will be pleas'd to ſeal with your laſt breath
The confirmation of our loves, our Contract:
And when your ſoul ſhall meet in heav'n my fathers,
As ſoon as he has bid you welcome thither,
He'll thank you for our marriage.

*Bla.* Oh by all means: where's gentle M. *Truman*? He's ſorry for my death, good man, I warrant ye. Weep not for me, dear Neece:

Neece; I know it greives you. Where's loving Mr. *Truman?*

*Luc.* Without Sir, waiting on your will, as on the voice of his good fate.

*Bla.* Pray call him in. *Exit Luc.* Sirrah, fetch two or three more of my knaves in.

*Dog.* Oh the diſſembling of theſe women; they're like a folded picture, that every diverſity of light repreſents diverſly.

*Bla.* Hang all women beſide you and your daughter, widow: I could almoſt like *Mahomets* religion, for turning all the ſex out of Heaven.

## Act. 2 Scæn. 9.

*Blade, Cutter, Dogrel, Widow, Tabitha. Truman* filius, *Lucia* veil'd.

*Tru.* 'Tis as we wiſht, dear Lady; O this bleſt hour!

*Bla.* Away with 'um immediately, let 'um be ſent to priſon ſtraight.

*Tru.* What means this rudeneſs? I underſtand not this incivility.

*Cutt.* Ungratious children, ye have poyſoned a moſt vertuous Souldier here.

*Tru.* I poyſoned? what d'ye mean?

*Bla.* Away with 'um I ſay, they ſhall finde another place to anſwer for't.

*Exeunt Servants, with Truman and Lucia.*

*Wid.* Hei ho! what pitty 'tis.

*Cutt.* Captain, prithee away with theſe two impertinences; ſince you muſt dye, let's have a parting cup for ſhame.

*Bla.* But thou art turn'd Apoſtate.

*Cutt.* I did but fain all this; I'm as very a Rogue as ever I was.

*Bla.* Thou ſpeakſt righteouſly, we will not make a dry farwel on't. Widow, I have ſome buſineſs with theſe two; ſhall I deſire privacy a little while?

*Wid.* Fare ye well. Mr. *Cutter*, you can ſpeak comfortably to him: I'll ſee you again anon. Oh the wickedneſs of theſe worldlings! Come *Tabitha.*

*Exeunt Widow and Tabitha.*

*Bla.* The Doctor ſays, I ſhall dye without pain; therefore my ſparks of Aſia, let's be merry for a while. Boy, fetch ſome wine and an hour-glaſs.

*Cutt.* An hour-glaſs! what emblem ſhall we have? bring a lithe too; and this ſame lean, greedy, hungry Poet, ſhall act Time here. *Enter boy with wine, and an hour glaſs.*

*Bla.* Well ſaid my little Pawn. So, thus I'll husband my time. According to my Emperick's computation I am to live an hour; half which I do allot to drink with you, a quarter to ſettle ſome buſineſs; and the reſt to good meditations and repentance. How like ye this my gallants?

*Cutt.* Moſt Logically divided; never Scholer divided meſs better.

*The boy fils wine.*

*Bla.* How it ſpark'les! Never be drunk again? My *Homer* junior, have at thee; this will ſtring up thy Muſe: rejoyce young frog of *Hellicon.* *Drinks.*

*Dog.* No, rather let me weep, drop briny tears, Till I like *Niobe*--

*Cutt.* There's a piece of her ſticks in his throat ſtill, drink it down *Dogrel.*

*Bla.* Do, for when I am once gone, ye muſt e'en like *Mahumetans*, count wine a thing forbidden.

*Cutt.* Let's drink, let's drink, whilſt life we have:
You'll finde but cold drinking, cold drinking in the grave.

*Dog.* A catch i'faith.
Boy go down,
And fill's the tother quart;
That we may drink the Captains health,
Before that we do part.

*Cutt.* Why doſt thou frown, thou arrant Clown &c.

*Bla.* Ha hei boy's! another catch i'faith.
And all our men were very very merry.
And all our men were drinking,

*Cutt.* One man o' mine,
*Dog.* Two men o' mine,
*Bla.* Three men o' mine,
*Cutt.* And a man o' mine,
*Om.* As we went by the way, were
Drunk Drunk, Damnable Drunk;
And all our men were very very merry &c.

*Bla.* Hei brave boys! now, *Cutter*, thou art

art a pretious Puritan.

*Cutt.* And thou a puiſſant Captain. Some wou'd ha' pin'd, and kept a quarter, and howl'd at their death, and ha' been more froward and troubleſome then a Citizens wife when ſhe takes Phyſick. This is true valour.

*Dog.* Sure he has dy'd before, he's ſo expert at it.

## Act 2. Scæn. 10.

To theſe, old *Trum.*

*Bla.* What ſays old Priam to *Achilles* great?

*Tru.* 'Tis well, I'm glad to ſee you in you Priams; but for all your Priams, and your Killiſſes, what ha'you done with my Son?

*Bla.* Thrice was thy *Hector* drawn about the walls.

*Cutt.* *Xanthus* and *Simois*, with his purple gore.

*Dog.* Alas, and welladay! we are ſtain'd all o're.

*Om.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Tru.* 'Tis very well, excellent well, all's well that ends well; I ſay--I ſhall finde Law I hope. My Son *Dick* in priſon, and old *Dick* laughed at here by Raggamuffins: 'Tis very excellent well; I thank you gentlemen I thank you heartily.

*Bla.* 'Tis not ſo much worth i'faith Sir; what do you mean Sir? pray ſpare your courteſie, nay, I pray be covered Sir.

*Tru.* It may be ſo, 'tis very likely Sir, an there be Law in Weſtminſter--

*Cutt.* -And what doſt thou mean, old man?

*Dog.* -And what doſt thou mean, old man?

*Cutt.* -If thou mean'ſt to live long, plump, luſty, and ſtrong;

*Dog.* -Then take of the cup and the Can.

*Om.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Tru.* Well, I'm made a laughing ſtock, it ſeems.

*Bla.* And good Sir--

*Tru* Yes, I am made the laughing ſtock; I ſhall take ſome other courſe, I hold you a groat. Reſt ye merry Gentlemen, I pray be merry, very very merry.

*Dog.* Nay, you ſhall ſtay and drink firſt.

*Tru.* Shall I, *Jackſauce?* *Strikes off his hat.*
Pray Sir, be you covered too.

*Bla.* Come old *Jethro*, here's a cup of wine will ſtir thy brains again, they're mouldy now.

*Tru.* I, you'd poyſon me, wou'd you? 'tis very well if a man may be ſuffered to poyſon whom he pleaſes. *Breakes the glaſs.*

*Bla.* No, your good Son has got the art of poyſoning.

*Tru.* My Son? Thou lieſt. My Son?

*Bla.* If ye be raging Lyon-mad, d'ye ſee that door? Be gone to your Son, and take ſome juice of Opium: Thou wants ſleep, *Jethro.* *Trum offers to go out, and turns back again.*

*Tru.* There's Law, Captain.

*Bla* There is ſo; wou'd you'd go fetch it.

*Tru.* Nay there's none it ſeems.

*Bla.* True, there ſhall be no Law, ſo you'll be gone

*Tru.* There ſhall be no Law, ſay you? I deſire no more, 'tis very exceeding dainty. There ſhall be no Law; I deſire no more, 'tis a kinde of petty Treaſon: You'll remember, Sir, that there ſhall be no Law: That's enough, I pray remember Sir: and ſo farewell. There ſhall be no Law.

*Exit.*

*Bla.* This worm-eaten old fellow has ſpoil'd our ſport. And what ſays my hour-glaſs now? Time was i'faith.

*Cutt.* How do you feel your ſelf?

*Bla.* As hot as Hell. Come wee'l take our laſt farewel within; and farwel here all drinking. God ſend me a good journey, I ſay.

*Dog.* Then briny tears come trickling down apace,
For loſs of him--

*Cutt.* And what?

*Dog.* Nay, ye put me out. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus Secundi.*

## Act. 3. Scæn. 1.

*Degrel, Aurelia.*

Deg. Not poysoned you say?

Au. No, he's as well as we.

Deg. It may be he has more lives then one, or used himself to poyson; as we now, that are Scholars, and Poets read, of one *Mithridates*.

Au. He was never sick.

Deg. Yes, very hot.

Au. I, as a painted fire, his fancy made him so; I smell a plot in't. *Lucia*, you say, urged him then for *Truman*. 'Twas a meer plot, I doubt, to put him in fear of death.

Deg. I shall be taken for a kind of Rogue then, for bearing false witness.

Au. You shall not be mistaken, Sir, at all.

Deg. Pillory'd, and whipt, with my godly brother *Cutter*.

Au. Abus'd by the Prentices as you walk in the streets, and have rotten apples flung at you.

Deg. Have a hundred blustring oaths o' mine no more beleeved, then when I swear to my Creditors, I'll pay all.

Au Be abandon'd by all men above a Tapster; and not dare to looke a gentleman i'the face; unless perhaps you sneak into a Play-house, at the fifth Act.

Deg. If ever I have to do with women again, but i'the way of all flesh, may I dye an *Eunuch*. I'll never lye or swear hereafter, but for my self. Were not you the vertuous gentlewoman, with the brown paper-face, that perswaded me to it?

Au. The very same, Sir; and I ha' just such another exploit here to imploy thee in: therefore be secret, close as a cockle, my good Rymer.

Deg. To imploy me in!

Au. Nay, you must do't i'faith; I ha' sworn first, *Degrel*.

Deg. By this good light, I will do nothing at thy intreaty: not if thou shouldst intreat me to lye with thee. Must Poet *Degrel*?

Au. I, must, if he intend e're to drink Sack again; or to make more use of his little-pocket, then to carry Tavern-bills in't; must do't, unless he intend to die without a shirt, and be buried without a winding-sheet.

Deg I like thy wit yet wench, what is't?

Au I would marry *Puny*; he's rich you know, and a bravery, and a wit.

Deg. He says himself he is so; but few are of his faith.

Au. He dances too, and courteth the Ladies.

Deg. Yes, in more postures then a dozen of Bowlers.

Au. But he's rich, *Degrel*, and will be wise enough; when I have got'um knighted, then I shall be a Lady, *Degrel*; have a dozen of French-Taylors, Doctors, Jewellers, Perfumers, Tyre-women, to sit in consultation every morning, how I shall be drest up to play at Gleek, or dance, or see a Comedy, or go to the Exchange i'the afternoon; send every day my Gentleman, to know how such a Lady slept, and dream'd; or whether her dog be yet in perfect health: Then have the young smelling braveries; all adore me, and cut their arms, if I be pleased to be angry: Then keep my close and open Coaches, my yellow sattin Pages, Monkies, and women, or (as they call 'um) creatures.

Deg. Be then a politick, Lady; keep none but ugly ones, you'll ne'er be handsome else. But suppose all this, what's this to *Degrel*?

Au. *Degrel* shall be maintain'd by me, he shall ha' fine new Serge; and every day more wine then's drunk at a Coronation.

Deg. This qualifies. And when the good Knight's dicing, or at bowls, or gathering notes in private out o' Romances; might not *Degrel* have a bit?

Au. Yes, like enough your Poetry might tempt some of my under-women to't. But are you prepar'd to cheat, in your own be-

half, and mine?

*Dog.* I, but how muſt this be done?

*Au.* Why thus briefly. Firſt read this Letter.

*Dog.* (*reads*) Deareſt *Truman*,

We haue long deſired to be contracted together, that nothing might be wanting to our Loves, but Ceremony: To night about nine a clock, I ſhall finde opportunity to meet you at the garden door, and let you in; ſilence and the help of veiles, will ſave the violating of your oath. Farewel.

Yours, *Luc. Blade.*

I'faith, was this her writing?

*Au.* No. but the hand's as like hers as the left is to the right. This you ſhall ſhew to *Puny*; and tell him that you found or ſtole it from *Truman*: I need not I ſuppoſe inſtruct you, to poliſh over a lye; he knows their love, and cannot ſuſpect any thing; perſwade him to make uſe of the occaſion, and come himſelf.

*Dog.* And you'll meet him vail'd.

*Au.* Haſt thou found it out? thou haſt ſhrew'd reaches *Dogrel*.

*Dog.* I'll do't. Thou ſhalt be bleſt. I'll do't i'faith.

*Au.* About it then; I'll leave you: and fail not, *Dogrel*; remember wine and ſerge. But firſt, I have another way t' undoe thee, *Lucia*: And that I'll try too. *Exit.*

*Dog.* Go thy ways girl for one, and that's for *Puny* I hope; I ſee thou'lt ne'er turn Semſtreſs, nor teach girls; thou'dſt be a rare wife for me, I ſhould beget on thee *Donnes*, and *Johnſons*: but thou art too witty. We men that are witty know how to rule our ſelves, can cheat with a ſafe conſcience; 'tis charity to help thee, *Aurelia*, and I will do't, and merit.

*Exit.*

## Act. 3. Scæn. 2.

*Truman* filius, *Solus.*

*Tru.* Our minds are like the Sea, and every Paſſion
Like ſome fierce Tempeſt ſtricken from the North,
Diſturbs the Peaceful calmneſs of our thoughts:
Cuſtom of anger drives us from our ſelves,
The *Adrian* Gulf a milder fury hurries;
Thoſe Waves touch Heaven, but theſe ariſe to Hell.
Sometimes the winged whirle-wind of blind Avarice
Shoots it ſelf forth, and ſweeps up all before it.
Now we with greedy hope, knock at the Sphears,
Anon the deadly hand of cold diſpair
Throws us beneath the grave: and midſt theſe dangers
The flame of Love appears in ſtead of lightning;
And with ſad glory frights the night it ſelf.
Oh! 'tis a ſubtil fire! and kills, but wounds not.
Good God! What more then man can ſafely paſs
The Bilows, Rocks, and Monſters of this Ocean,
Unleſs ſome pow'r Divine, become his Pilot?
For then the windes would ſcatter, the waves ſhrink,
And th'outworn ſtorm ſuffer it ſelf a ſhipwrack.

## Act 3. Scæn. 3.

*Aurelia*, *Taylor*, *Truman* filius.

*Au.* Thanks good Taylor; now I'll onely beg that I may buy your ſecrecy: Fare thee well, Friend. *at the door.*

*Tru.* Ha! I did but ſpeak juſt now of Heav'nly pow'rs,
And my good Angel enters! welcome *Lucia*; I can ſcarce ſay ſo here, yet welcome heartily:
You ſee how ill our honeſt Plot ſucceeds;
I ſee we muſt out-weary fortunes anger,
And I have arm'd my ſelf for't--ha!
*She gives him a note, and imbraces him. He reads.*

I

I have with much ado gotten to you, and can ſtay with you to night. (Ha!) Why ſhould we defer our joys longer, ſince we are married in heart? The opportunity, and impatience of ſuch delays, forc'd me to deſire that which elſe my modeſty would not ſuffer me--(Modeſty?) --Your deſires--to your bed--long wiſht-for--(why this is ſtrange) hum-hum-hum- Yours, *Lucia*. No, no, thou art not *Lucia*. If thou doſt (As thou ſaiſt) love me, do not uſe that name. *She embraces, and goes to kiſs him*

Some devil has chang'd thee-
This is worſe ſtil-with much ado-to night-joys longer-opportunity- *Reads then walks about the room; goes to the Candle, and burns the Letter.*

May all remembrance of thee periſh with thee,
Unhappie paper, made of guilty linen.
The menſtruous reliques of ſome luſtful woman:
Thy very aſhes here will not be innocent,
But flie about, and hurt ſome chaſte mens eyes,
As they do mine. *Weeps.*
Oh thou that once wert *Lucia!* thy ſoul
Was ſofter then, and purer then ſwans feathers,
Then thine own skin: Two whiteſt things, that paper,
And thine own ſelf, thou didſt at once defile.
But now th'art blacker then the skin that covers thee:
And that ſame gloomy ſhade not ſo much hides
Thy Bodies colour, as it ſhews thy Mindes. *She kneels.*

Kneel not to me, fond woman, but to heav'n;
And prithee weep: tears will waſh cleaner Ethiops-
Wouldſt thou have had me been mine own adult'rer?
Before my Marriage too? Wouldſt thou ha' giv'n me
An earneſt of the horns I was to wear?
*Is* Marriage onely a Parenthesis
Betwixt a maid and wife? Will they remain
Entire without it? Go, pray go back,
And leave me too, ſince thou haſt left thy ſelf:
When peace is made with heav'n, 'tis made with me. *Exit Aurelia.*

What are theſe women made of? Sure we men
Are of ſome better mold. Their vows and oaths
Are like the poiſonous Spiders ſubtil net,
As dangerous to entrap, and broke as ſoon.
Their love, their faith, their ſelves enſlav'd to paſſion.
Nothing's at their command, except their tears,
And we frail men, whom ſuch heat-drops entice.
Hereafter I will ſet my ſelf at liberty,
And live more free then is the air I breathe in:
And when I ſigh, henceforth, it ſhall not be
For love of one, but pity of all the Sex.
*Exit.*

## Act. 3. Scæn. 4.

*Degrel, Puny.*

*Pun.* But how ſhall I repreſent this Anthropophagus?

*Deg.* Onely ſpeak ſoftly, leſt ſhe chance to know your voice.

*Pun.* I warrant you I'll whiſper like wet wood in a Juſtices chimney at Chriſtmas.

*Deg.* But of all things, take heed of too much wit; that's always dangerous, but eſpecially now. *Truman*, you know, is an honeſt harmleſs fellow, and is contented to ſpeak ſenſe.

*Pun.* I, hang him; there's clotted cream in his head in ſtead of brains; and no more o' that then will compleatly ſerve to fill the eye of a needle. But I ſhall ne'er abſtain from theſe fine things, hyperboles and ſimilitudes: my nature ſtands a tiptoe: *Truman* has got the cramp; his genius is like ſome gouty Alderman's that ſits in a chair. An' I were in *Phalaris*'s Bull, I think I ſhould be witty.

*Deg.* Nay, I know't; a man may as well

well keep a prentice from Moor-fields on a holiday, as you from your Muses, and Canundrums; they're meat and drink to you.

*Pun.* No, my good bag-pipe, they're meat and drink to you, that feed by 'um.

*Dog.* I see you're ashamed of the Muses, and I hope they're even with you. But so much for this: you'll finde wine, I hope, when I have found you the wench.

*Pun.* Though thou wouldst drink cups bigger then Pauls-steeple, or the great bell at Westminster, thou shouldst have 'um. How long dost thou think has this night worn her mourning-gown, and lookt like a funeral?

*Dog.* Indeed, she has many torches. Why sure, 'tis just about the Critical time which she appointed. You know your business: First break a piece of Gold; profess before Heav'n and Angels, you take her for your wife; then give her half of it: and after that, somewhat as you understand me.

*Pun.* Will she be malleable, d'ye think? Shall I stamp *Puny* on her?

*Dog.* There's a Metaphor indeed! It seems 'tis the fashion; you take your wife for Gold. Hark! the door opens, use your fortune well. *Exit.*

*Pun.* Now, if my Alcocadin be right, I'm sure, I am made.

*She opens the door, and lets him in.*

## Act. 3. Scæn. 5.

Captain *Blade*, *Servant.*

*Bla.* Pox upon 'um, they put me into a horrible fear; but I am glad I am so happily cheated, for all that. Well, I must devise some horrible lye, to justifie my fears; some trick must be thought upon to gull *Truman*. How now? What news from *Tripoly*.

*Serv.* Sad news, my Lord; here's an Army at the door, to speak with you.

*Bla.* Who are they? Creditors? a Merchant, a Mercer, a Scrivener, a Taylor, a Butcher, Six Cookes, a dozen of Vintners, and the rest? Ha? Tell 'um I am sick, taking Physick, or else abroad; hang 'um Rogues, come like quotidian Agues on a man.

*Serv.* No, Sir, 'tis old Mr. *Truman*, the Widow, and her daughter, and Mr. *Dogrel*, and I know not who; there's a flock of 'um.

*Bla.* They are those I wisht for, let 'um in. *Exit Serv.*
Now, Signior *Blade*, If ever thou wouldst see the golden age of yore, this is the time.

## Act. 3. Scæn. 6.

*Blade, Truman* Pater, *Widow, Dogrel.*

*Tru.* O Sir, my Son has poyson'd you, I see; there's no Law yet, is there?

*Bla.* Mr. *Truman*--

*Tru.* True me no more then I true you. Come, Captain *Blade*, I know what you are, and so shall others too.

*Bla.* You'll hear me, Sir, I hope--

*Tru.* And so shall you hear me, Sir; I can be heard, I would you should know, in as good a place as this is; and before as good as you are, Captain *Blade*.

*Bla.* First leave your raging, Sir: for though you should roar like *Tamerlin* at the Bull, 'twould do no good with me.

*Tru.* I *Tamerlin*? I scorn him, as much as you do, for your ears. I'll have an action of slander against you, Captain; you shall not miscal me at your pleasure: remember you call'd me *Jethro* once before.

*Wid.* O the Father! little did I think, I wuss, to see you ever with these eyes again.

*Bla.* Pray, Sir, hear me; The wrong I did you, when you were last here, came from distraction onely, and not my will; and therefore deserves pardon. The business, if you please, I'll relate truly to you; and by what special providence I escap'd the danger. *they whisper.*

*Tru.* Well, Sir, I'm not angry; but I'll

I'll not be call'd *Tamerlin* by any man.

*Bla.* Upon my faith, Sir, it was an Antidote; I vomited up more then any whale could have done; things of more colours then twenty Rhetoricians were ever able to invent.

*Tru.* I shall teach my son--

*Bla.* No, good Sir, I forgive him with all my heart: but for my Neece--You remember, Sir, the Will my brother left; you were witness to it. For this her disobedience, the means are fain to me. Now if you please to marry M. *Richard* to my daughter, *Lucia*'s portion shall all be hers.

*Tru.* Thank you good Captain *Blade*; I thank you for your love heartily: pray send for 'um; he shall do't presently. I thank you heartily for your love, good Captain: he shall do't, he shall do't. *Calls his servant, and sends for 'um.* (What good luck was this, that I spoke not to the widow for her daughter!) How do you, widow? you're melancholy methinks; you're melancholy i'faith, that you are.

*Wid.* Well, I praise God, Sir, in better health then I deserve, vile wretch. I'm glad to see our neighbour so recovered.

*Tru.* I, good man, he has had a dangerous time of it, that he has, a very dangerous time: his neece is a naughty wench, a scurvie girl, to repay him thus for all his care and trouble: he has been a father to her, Widow, that he has; to my knowledge he has: Her father was an honest man, I'm sure on't.

*Wid.* Was he? I, as ever trod upon Gods ground, peace be with him; I, and as loving a neighbour too--

*Tru.* We have drunk our half pintes of Muscadel together many a morning, that we have.

*Wid.* My husband too was all in all with him. Hei-ho! I shall never forget how merry we were when we went with him to Mortlake in the Easter-holy-days: and we carried a shoulder of Mutton with us, and a fat Pig, and he carried his bottle of wine down with him: I warrant you he he lov'd a cup of wine as well as his brother; in a fair sort, I mean.

*Tru.* Ah widow! those days are gone: we shall never see those days again. I was a merry grig too then, and would ha' danc'd and cut capers: ha--who but I? I was as merry as the maids.

*Wid.* My daughter *Tabytha* was just four yeer old then, come *Lamas*-tide.

*Dog.* Captain, I thought thou hadst been at *Eretum* by this time: but 'tis no matter; 'tis but an Epitaph lost: hang't, 'twas made *ex tempore*, and so let it pass.

*Bla.* Hadst thou made one i'faith?

*Dog.* Yes, by this light.

*Bla.* I'm glad I did not die then. O here they come. She's a good handsome wench; 'tis pity to cozen her. But who can help it? Every one for himself, and God for us all.

## Act. 3. Scæn. 7.

*Blade, Widow, Truman pater, Dogrel, Truman filius, Lucia.*

*Bla.* Welcome, kinde Neece; you see I live still: there were Antidotes as well as Poisons.

*Wid.* He has been a loving Uncle to you, Mistress *Lucia*: he might have deserv'd better at your hands: you might had Master *Truman*, I warrant you, had you but held up your finger to him: he would not ha' seen you perish, Mistris *Lucia*; I may say I know him so far. Speak, Mistris *Lucia*, speak for your self, good chuck; your Uncle will forgive you: we'll all speak for you: He shall forgive you, that he shall: he knows we have all our faults.

*Dog.* I understand the language of her silence; it's strong and good. You bound your son, Sir, to an oath never to see nor hear her without your commission: 'tis that troubles her conscience; she has a tender one.

*Tru.* p. I bound 'um? Well, I absolve 'um then; what's that to you, Sir? I'll binde 'um again, if 't be my pleasure so: if not, a fig for you; that's all I care. I love to speak my minde; you must pardon me; I ha' spoke to as good as you i' my days.

*Dog.* D'ye speak thus always? I'll ha' you in a Play if you do.

*Tru.*

*Tru.*p. I'm glad you are ſo religious, Sir; did I bind you too to ſilence? Go too, Sir; I told you what your may-bees would bring you to, you'll always be wiſer then your father: Nay, you may ſpeak, and your Minion too, if ſhe pleaſes.

*Lucia, pulls off her vail.*

*Luc.* Does any man here accuſe me of any thing?

*Bla.* We, and your conſcience do.

*Luc.* My Conſcience? 'tis as pure as Sythian Chriſtal,
From any ſpot; I can ſee through't at pleaſure.
Whatever crime you mean, (for yet I know not)
Would it were written in my face.

*Bla.* Thou'dſt be blacker then a Moor if 'twere. Did not you conſent with that damn'd Phyſitian to give me poyſon?

*Luc.* There was none given you, I call God to witneſs:
If ſuch a thought had ſlipt into my dream,
The horror would have wak'd me, and I fear'd
Ever to ſleep again. No; what we did, Sir,
Was but to fright you with a painted danger;
That the juſt terror of your own deſtruction
Might call to your remembrance my dead father:
For ſure, Sir, you forgot him when you thought
To match his onely child with one of theſe
Fellowes that live *extempore*; whoſe fortunes
Are patch'd up like their wit by ſeveral patrons.
Should I have married thus, (but I would ſooner
Endure the ſhameful end which they deſerve)
Your conſcious Ghoſt would ſtart to meet my fathers,
And look more pale then death it ſelf hath made it.

*Dog.* Let her alone, ſhe'll call names and fling ſtones about anon.

*Wid* Alas poor ſoul! you may ſee ſhe's not her own woman.

*Tru.*p. What a poor excuſe ſhe made! a very idle ſimple excuſe; have you never a better for us?

*Tru*f. No, ſhe ſays true.

*Tru*p. You wo'nt bite off my noſe? will ye, Sir? pray do not bite off my noſe, I pray, Sir, do not?

## Act. 3. Scæn. 8.

*Blade, Widow, Truman* pater, *Dogrel.*
*Truman* filius, *Lucia, Puny.*

*Pun.* What a bevy o' men's here! ha! My little Load-ſtone, art thou here, my little Diamond? I'll ſpeak to your Uncle now; we'll have a Parſon cry I *Nicholas* preſently.

*Luc.* You'r rude, Sir: what do you mean?

*Pun.* I, ſo you ſaid i'the garden, when I began to gather, you know what fruit: Come put on your vail, you'll bluſh elſe; and look like the picture of a red-roſe i'the hangings. Captain, *ſalve*, 'tis done.

*Bla.* Done! What?

*Pun.* I have her, i'faith.

*Bla.* God give you joy, Sir.

*Pun.* Nay, ſhe's my own.

*Bla* I am very glad of 't.

*Pun.* I ſcal'd the walls, entered the Town, and left a gariſon there, I hope.

*Bla.* I congratulate your Victory, Mr. *Puny.*

*Pun.* You ſhall goe to my wedding, with me and thi- fair Chorus. I'm as nimble as a Lybian Rabbit: Come, you muſt go, though you be as lame as a criple, that begs at Weſtminſter, or a Crow in a gutter without her right leg. What d'ye wonder at? I tell you, ſhe's my *Penelope* now.

*Bla.* May I be ſo bold, Sir, as to ask, who 'tis you mean?

*Pun.* 'Slid, canſt thou not ſee my meaning? are your brains in a litter? I'm contracted to your Neece, and have got upon her--Nay, never bluſh, we're as good as married, my dear Agat.

*Bla.* Have you then lien with her?

*Truman* fil. Ha! No figures nor ſimilitudes, good Mr. *Puny*; be as open and naked with me, as you were with her.

*Pun.*

*Pun.* As plain as a Scholars mourning-cloak. I he' don't i'faith, but d'ye ſee? We broke this gold between us firſt, and will be married to day. Who's that? *Truman*, ha, ha; he looks like the Globe of the World, now: look how he ſcratcheth his poul.

*Bla.* God give you joy, Sir: but ſhe has not a farthing portion.

*Pun.* How, Captain?

*Bla.* Not ſo much as will buy ribbands: all's mine own: a lawful prize, i'faith.

*Tru.* fil. Oh monſter of her ſex!

*Luc.* Wilt thou, vile man——I cannot ſpeak to him--Witneſs all theſe— *Weeps.*

*Bla.* So 'tis all forfeited to me. Will you try how your ſons affection ſtands towards *Aurelia*?

*Tru.* p. Come, *Dick*, the Captain has forgiven you: never think of *Lucia*; ſhe's not worth your thinking on; a ſcurvie girl: ne'er think o' her; thou ſhalt marry fair *Aurelia*: there's a wench, a wench worth gold i'faith.

*Tru.* f. I can't marry.

*Tru.* p. What can't you do, Sir?

*Tru.* f. I can't marry.

*Tru.* p. Do you know who 'tis you ſpeak to, Sir? you do'n't ſure: Who am I, pray? you can't, when I bid you. Surely you know not who 'tis you ſpeak to: you ſhall do't, or I'll know why you ſhall not.

*Tru.* f. I wo'n't marry.

*Tru.* p. Get you out o' my ſight: come within my doors no more; not within my doors, Sir.

*Bla.* Take heed, M. *Truman*, what you do.

*Tru.* f. I wo'n't marry.

*Luc.* Pray hear me all--

*Bla.* Come, M. *Truman*, let's talk of theſe things within: come, Gentlemen.

*Wid.* Hei-ho! I'll ne'er truſt a wart o' the right cheek and a twinkling eye again whilſt I breathe, for Miſtreſs *Lucia*'s ſake. A man would think, that ſees her, that butter would not ha' melted in her mouth. Take heed, *Tabytha*; the ſtill Sow eats up all the draff, I ſee.

*Tru.* p. I'll never acknowledge him for my ſon again: I tell you, Captain, he's always thus; he's always with his may-be's and his wo'nots: I can't abide theſe wo'nots, not abide 'um.

*Pun.* I'll follow him about the portion; he ſha' not think to make an Aſdrubal of me.

*Dog.* Now my plot works.

*Exeunt omnes præter* Tru. fil. & Lucia.

## Act. 3. Scæn. 9.

*Truman* fil. *Lucia weeping.*

*Tru.* How precious were thoſe tears, if they were true ones!
How much more worth then all the Oceans Jewels!
But they are onely falſe and empty bubbles;
Fair to the ſight, but hollow as her heart:
There's nothing, nothing in 'um: he that weighs 'um,
Shall finde 'um lighter then a mad mans dreams,
Or womens reſolutions.

*Luc.* I never did that fellow any wrong.
Why ſhould he pay ſo dearly for the loſs
Of my poor honour, as to ſell his ſoul for't?

*Tru.* O ſhe confeſſes, now, ſh'has loſt her honour.

*Luc.* They triumph in the ruine of us women,
And wooe our beauties onely, or our dowries;
Which when they miſs of, they reſolve to take
Revenge of their unworthineſs on us;
Stealing away all that makes rich our dowry,
And beauty fair, our Name. But 'tis no matter,
Since heaven and *Truman* know my chaſtity.
Ha! he's here ſtill! How do you, Sir?

*Tru.* Well, well.

*Luc.* You look ill.

*Tru.* No, no, no.

*Luc.* Indeed you do: your are not well, I m ſure.

*Tru.* I am. Will you be gone?

*Luc.* How, Sir! You do not know me, ſure.

*Tru.* I would I never had.

*Luc.* What do you mean?

*Tru.* To ſee thy face no more.

*Luc.* You ſaid you could not live without the ſight on't.

*Tru.* It was a good one then.
*Luc.* Has one day ſpoil'd it?
*Tru.* O yes, more then an hundred yeers of time,
Made as much more by a continual ſorrow,
Could e'er ha' done.
*Luc.* I do not think my glaſs will ſay ſo.
*Tru.* That's
A falſe as you, perhaps; but 'tis not half
So brittle. Dares your husband truſt me alone
With you ſo long?
*Luc.* My husband?
*Tru.* I cry you mercy;
The man you ſin withal. You ſcorn to uſe
Pretences.
*Luc.* Yes, I do, Sir:
For ſhe that ſcorns th' offence, needs no excuſe.
Have you ſo little confidence in that
Which you have ſeem'd to praiſe ſo oft, my Vertues?
Or did you flatter onely? Sure you did not:
For I remember I have heard you ſwear
You ſpoke your thoughts. Are Oathes but complements?
'Tis done unkindly, very unkindly, *Truman*;
And were 't not your ſelf, I ſhould be angry.
Had a bright Angel come to me, and ſaid
That you were falſe, I ſhould have ſworn 't had ly'd,
And thought that rather falſe then you. Nothing
Could ever move th' opinion of thy conſtancy
But thine own ſelf; and thee I muſt believe.
*Tru* And I'll believe my ſelf in what I ſaw.
I know thou canſt ſpeak prettily; but thy words
Are not what Nature meant 'um, thy mindes picture.
The Bee has left his honey in thy tongue,
But in thy heart his ſting.
*Luc.* O do not ſay ſo:
My heart is honeſt ſtill, unleſs thou ſpoildſt it
When it receiv'd thee in. 'T had but three corners.
And thou hadſt two, at leaſt. Would thou couldſt ſee
How little room I've left my ſelf there in it.
*Tru.* Yes; for 'tis crouded up with many gueſts;
So many gueſts, that they excluded me:
And now I freeze without; but never more,
Never will enter: 'twas a Palace once,
But now 'tis turn'd a Dungeon.
*Luc* Will you leave me?
I will not call you fickle nor unconſtant;
But ſure you are too blame: you will not find
A woman that will love you half ſo well,
*Tru.* I do not mean to try.
*Luc.* Yes, prithee do.
But when y'have talk'd, and lov'd and vow'd, and ſworn
A little while, take heed of uſing her
As you do me. No, may your love to her
Be ſuch as mine to you; it can't be better,
What e'er you think; I'm ſure it cannot, *Truman.*
May ſhe be worthier of your bed then I,
And bring forth many little ſelves to you:
And when the happie courſe of divers yeers
Makes you ſeem old to all beſides your wife,
May you in the fair glaſs of your bleſt iſſue,
See your own youth again. But I would have 'um
True in their loves, and kill no innocent maids.
For me it is no matter: when I'm dead,
My buſie ſoul ſhall flutter ſtill about you;
'Twill not be elſe in heaven: it ſhall watch
Over your ſleeps, and drive away all dreams
That flie not with a ſoft and downy wing.
If any dangers threaten, it ſhall becken,
And call your ſpirit away till they be paſt;
And be more diligent then your Guardian-Angel.
Onely ſometimes, when your beſt leaſure ſerves,
(For I'd not trouble you more dead then living)
Beſtow one thought on *Lucia*, and then ſigh,
And (if you will) drop down a tear or two.
But that's a task I'll not enjoyn you to:
And if you do't, ſpend not too many on me;
One will ſuffice: then onely ſay, That maid
Deſerv'd more of me. And again t'your buſineſs.
For my wrongd vertue and forſaken truth,
I ask

I ask no more. So, dear *False-man*, farewel. *Exit.*

*Tru.* Farewel? That word has charms and poisons in't;
It makes my frighted soul start back and tremble.
'Tis but an aery word. D'ye hear me, *Lucia?*
*Luc.* (*within*) Who calls?
*Tru.* Farewel, *Lucie*, farewel; that's all: farewel
Repent, and meet me in heav'n--
Why did rash Nature quarrel with her self,
In making one so excellently bad?
She is more fair then *May*'s new painted blossoms,
But falser then the smiles of faithless *April:*
And this I know, and yet me thinks I love her.
O she has kill'd my Reason: I have lost
That and my self for ever. *Exit.*

*Finis Actus tertii.*

---

## Act. 4. Scæn. 1.

*Lucia sola.*

Every thing now has left me; tears themselves,
The riches of my very grief, forsake me:
Sorrow, me thinks, shews nakedly without 'um.
My sighs are spent too; and my wearied lungs
Deny me fresh supplies: and I appear
Like some dull melancholy *April* even,
When after many a showre the heav'ns still lowre,
As if they threatned more; and the fled Sun
Leaves nothing but a doubtful blush behinde him.
And I could wish my eternal night were coming,
Did I but know who 'tis that makes me wish it:
Else, when my soul is ready for her flight,
And knows not who it is she must forgive,
A thousand light suspicions will call
Her charity several ways; and I may chance
To doubt thee, *Truman*. But thou art abus'd:
I know not why; but sure thou couldst not do it.
I fear thee, cousin When we were both girls,
Thou wouldst accuse me falsely to my Mistress,
And laugh to see my tears. I fear thee, cousin;
But I'll not judge too rashly: for I would not
Have any innocent wrong'd as I have been.
But I m resolv'd to try her. She's now seeking
(Hoping that all my fortunes now are hers)
For a new maid t'attend her. That maid I'll be.
Cloathes I have got already; and my face
Grief has disguis'd: that and my voice some art
Will quickly alter. I have left a Note
Upon my chamber-window, which will keep 'um
From all suspicion of my staying here.

## Act. 4. Scæn. 2.

*Cutter, Degrel, Puny, Lucia.*

*Cut.* Hei! the Sisters are ravisht, and we have holy kisses enough. I shall be as great among 'um as--Who's there? What, your Spouse, *Puny?*

*Deg.* She looks like *Niobe* on the mountains top.

*Cut.* That *Niobe*, *Degrel*, you have us'd worse then *Phœbus* did. Not a dog looks melancholy, but he's compar'd to *Niobe*. He beat a villanous Tapster t'other day, to make him look like *Niobe*.

*Pun.* Why 'faith that 's pretty odde, like one o' mine.

*Luc.* O, Sir, had you the vertuous impudence to slander a poor maid thus?

*Pun.* Poor enough now indeed. I will not marry thee: thy portion was a condition of the Contract. I'll sooner marry a woman that sells Orenges with a face like Belinsgate.

*Luc.* I scorn thee--I contracted to thee?

*Pun.* Wert not? Answer.

*Luc.* No, by heaven.

*Pun.* Bear witneſs, Gentlemen; theſe words are *Cardus benedictus* to me.

*Cut.* And what will you do now, fair Gammer *Lucia*, you that contemn'd the Colonel? Will you knit for your living?

*Dog.* Or elſe weed gardens for ſix pence a day and bread.

*Luc.* This is unheard-of rudeneſs.

*Pun.* Nay let me ha' mine too; I ha' got a pat one for her. Or elſe turn Apple-woman, live in a ſtall, and ſell pippins for eight a peny.

*Dog.* Or hither in triumph 'twixt two panniers ride,
And ſell the bouls of wheat and butter in Cheapſide.

The laſt is a little too long: but I imitate *Spencer*.

*Cut.* What think ye, Gentlemen? ſhe'll make a pretty Landreſs.

*Pun.* A Landreſs? hang her, ſhe looks like a foul handkercher.

*Luc.* Pray let me go; I ha' buſineſs requires me.

*Cut.* What? you're to meet ſome Gentlemen? How is't? twelve pence a time, I warrant, in theſe cloathes.

*Dog.* Where do you ſet up? Nay, we are true ſtrikers. What, is't in Covent-garden?

*Cut.* Or do you renew the decay'd credit of Turnbal-ſtreet?

*Pun.* Or honour the Mill-bank at Weſtminſter.

*Dog.* Or flee to Wapping, and engroſs the Sailors.

*Cut.* Or Moor-fields, and ſell cakes.

*Luc.* Are all barbarous here?

*Dog.* Nay tell's; we ſhall be cuſtomers.

*Pun.* Enough, enough; give her a clap o'the breech, and let her go.

*Cut.* Well, fare thee well, girl; we ſhall finde you at the Play houſe i' the ſix-peny-room ſometimes.

*Dog.* And d'ye hear, *Lucia*, Keep your ſelf wholeſome: your tub's a terrible thing.

*Luc.* Unworthy villains—But I'm born to wrongs,
And muſt endure 'um. *Exit.*

*Omn.* Ha, ha, ha.

*Cut.* A pretty Scene i'faith. Now for the Captain; he'll entertain us like forraign Princes: we'll drink this half-yeer with him before we eat or ſleep.

*Pun.* I'll drink like *Gog-Magog* himſelf, or the Spaniſh Tinker on a holy-day.

*Dog.* There will I whet my Lyrick Muſe
With Falern wine as I do uſe.
Captain *Blade* cannot refuſe
To entertain us; he cannot chuſe,
When we bring him ſuch good news,
As that his neece is gone to the ſtews.

*Cut.* Leave your verſes, *Dogrel*. I hate your verſes, *Dogrel*, till I be drunk. 'Tis a glorious Captain.

*Dog.* As free as Free-town in Germany. Here comes *Jeronymo*.

## Act. 4. Scæn. 3.

*Cutter, Puny, Dogrel, Blade.*

*Bla.* The ſtory ſays my neece is run away. The ſtory is not bad. Now will I get the widow, turn off my old raſcally companions, and live like an Emperour.

*Cut.* He ſays he will live like an Emperour; ha, ha, ha, brave Captain.

*Pun* Invincible Captain *Priam*.

*Omn.* Hei brave Captain!

*Bla.* What do you mean, Gentlemen? Are ye broke looſe from Bedlam? Ha' you no other place to play your tricks in, but at my door? If you come here as Mummers, much may be done; haply you may have twelve-pence: or elſe depart; depart, if you be wiſe.

*Omn.* Why how now, Captain!

*Bla.* If you be not gone immediately, I'll ha' my men ſwitch you further off—Here are ſaucy knaves indeed with all my heart—

*Offers to go out.*

*Cut.* By this light the Captain's drunk without us.

*Pun.* Prethee, Captain, thou art as humorous as a bell-rope. Doſt thou know me, man? I'm M. *Puny*.

*Blade.* Y'are a fool, an addle egge: there's nothing elſe but cobwebs i' your head:

head: The height of all thy knowledge is to find out the quarter day againſt thy rents come in, and thou couldſt not finde out that, if 'twere not marke'd i'the Almanack with red letters. Yet you forſooth, becauſe you ſee ſome Gentlemen and Poets of late, a little extravagant ſometimes in their ſimilitudes; becauſe they make a pretty kinde of ſound to thoſe that mark 'um not; make that your way of wit, and never ſpeak without compariſons. But never were compariſons ſo odious as thine are. And theſe two Rabbit-ſuckers, for a quart of wine extol thee, and cry good when thou ſpeakeſt ſo.

*Pun.* The Captains raging mad like a Baker when his oven is over heated.

*Bla.* And that was one of um--

*Cut.* Come leave your humors, hang you, confound you, pox take you, Captain, we come to drink here.

*Bla.* Mine's no blind Ale-houſe, where you may roar and ſwagger with half a pipe of Tobacco in your mouth.

*Cut.* Do you know me, Captain?

*Bla.* I would I never had. Thou art one that ſayeſt thou haſt ſeen the wars, but thou lieſt baſely; for if thou ever waſt in a battle, i'm ſure thou winkeſt there. Thou art one that liv'ſt like a Raven by providence and rapine: one that if thou ſhouldſt chance to go to bed ſober, thou wouldſt put it down in thy Almanack for an unlucky day; ſleep is not death's image with thee, unleſs thou beeſt dead-drunk.

*Dog.* He dares not abuſe me thus.

*Cut.* Is't even ſo, Captain? Has your money exalted you?

*Bla.* No, it has humbled me, and made me know my ſelf and you, whom I ſhall ſtudy to forget hereafter.

*Dog.* Come, Captain, ſhall you and I drink hand to hand?

*Bla.* Oh, you're his Lanſprizado, Sirrah, Trundle.

*Dog.* Let not thy wrath ſwell like the Adrian Sea.

*Bla.* Thou that troubleſt thy ſelf to be a fool; I will ſo beat thee, Trundle, that thou ſhalt hobble like one of thy own Rhyms. Therefore, if ever thou ſheweſt that Poetical face of thine within my doors again, Ile uſe thee worſe then thou didſt me, when thou mad'ſt an Ode in commendation of me.

*Dog.* Then break thine oaten reed--

*Bla.* Fare ye well Gentlemen. I ſhall ſee thee *Cutter* a brave Tapſter ſhortly; it muſt be ſo i'faith, *Cutter*; thou muſt like *Bardolph* i'the play, the ſpiggot weild. *Dogrel* ſhall make and ſell ſmal Pamphlets i'the playhouſe, or elſe Tobacco, or elſe ſnuffe Candles. As for *Puny*, his means will ſerve him to be cheated of theſe five or ſix yeers.

*Cut.* 'Tis very well the times are ſo alter'd.

*Bla.* Ye cannot want a living Gentlemen, as long as there are Whores, Bowling-allies, or Ordinaries; eſpecially ſuch able men as you are. There will be wars too ſhortly; never quake, *Cutter*; here's *Dogrel*, when his want has ſpun him out a little thinner, will ſerve you for a pike.

*Cut.* 'Tis very well: pray God your mirth laſt, Captain.

*Bla.* When you're grown old, and your fingers then only nimble with the palſie, I'll provide an Hoſpital for you--*Sedes ubi fata quietas*--Fare ye well, Gallants; and pray be merry: Fare ye well heartily.

*Exit.*

*Cut.* Poverty, the pox, an ill wife, and the Devil go with thee, Captain.

*Pun.* I vexed him, when I put that jeſt upon him, like a Baker when his oven's overheated.

*Dog.* If I don't compoſe a Satyre ſhall make him hang himſelf, may I never write verſe more.

*Cut.* I would beat him like a Buck, but I ſhall be bound to the peace for't, and be affronted afterward by every one.

*Dog.* No, no, no-let me ſee-Beſides my Satyre I have another way-let me ſee-His brother traffickt at Guiny.

*Cut.* Yes, but the Merchants there report him dead.

*Dog.* The more knaves they: he lives, and I am he.

*Cut.* How? How, *Dogrel*, thou the Merchant man?

*Dog.*

*Dog.* By this light, I either am, or will be.

*Cut.* How, *Dogrel*! Though thou be as thin and penetrable as a ſpirit, yet thou canſt not aſſume dead bodies.

*Pun* Prithee, *Dogrel*, hold thy peace; thou talkeſt like a hogs face.

*Dog.* Deride not *Puny*: if I be not more like then any of your ſimilitudes, I'll be hang'd for't.

*Cut.* Thy face, indeed, will do exceeding well to repreſent one riſen from the grave

*Dog.* By long converſation with the Captain, I know all the paſſages between him and his brother; know what his humour, what his ſtate and fortunes were, better then himſelf did when he lived.

*Cut.* I, but thou 'lt ne'er act him. Why, man, he was a thing more ſtrange then any monſter in Africk where he travell'd.

*Pun.* What was he, prithee?

*Dog.* I knew him well enough; he had loſt his memory, and therefore either writ down every thing, and took his buſineſs with him in a ſcroll, or elſe truſted it to his man *John*, whom he carried with him.

*Cut.* O I, that *John* and he went perpetually together, like the blinde man and his dog.

*Pun.* Or a Tinker and his trull. But d'ye hear, gallants, let me do apple-*John*: never was ſuch a *John* as I'll be, not *John a Gaunt* himſelf, nor *John a Noak*.

*Cut.* But *Dogrel*, how wilt thou be made like that *Cinque-gaſter*?

*Dog.* Why we Poets can do any thing. Firſt you may remember (unleſs you be like him) 'tis ſeven yeers ſince he went from hence; and time, you know, will alter men. I made an Ode upon that ſubject once: *Time, that doſt eat, and mak'ſt no Lent*–

*Cut.* Pox take your Ode; go on i' your buſineſs, *Dogrel*.

*Dog.* Then I and my man *John* (as ſimply as he ſtands here) will ſwarthy over our faces as if the Countrey had made us ſo: for if you remember my verſes, *In Africk they are black as coals*–

*Cut.* The devil's i' thy verſes. Prithee on.

*Dog.* Beſides, we'll be attir'd in ſome ſtrange habit of thoſe Countries: I know not how; but you ſhall ſee't in *Speed*, Maps.

*Cut.* Why now I like thee, my little *Ovid*; go about thy Metamorphoſis. I'm for *Tabytha*; ſhe's taken, *Dogrel*, melted like virgins wax. I'll to her preſently, and tell her that the viſion appeared to me laſt, and warn'd me to carry her to S. *Antons*; there will I have a Prieſt.

*Dog.* A Prieſt, *Cutter*?

*Cut.* A Miniſter, I mean; a holy, godly, zealous Miniſter: and the––You conceive me, *Dogrel*––

*Dog.* Well, let's be going then. *Puny*, take heed o' your wit when you act *John*: I ſhall beat my ſervant *John*, if he be witty.

*Pun.* That's the devil; I ſhall hardly abſtain.

*Cut.* And *Dogrel*, you muſt make no verſes, *Dogrel*: let that be the firſt thing your memory fails you in.

*Pun.* Well, I'll follow you in a piſſing-while.

*Dog.* Do ſo, good *John*. *Exit Dog. Cut.*

*Pun.* Now will I turn *John*, as round as a Wedding-ring: and if that plot be cut off by the noſe––Ha? Here comes ſententious Bias that walks gravely. I'll obſerve my young *Laconian*.

## Act. 4. Scæn. 4.

*Puny, Truman* filius.

*Tru.* She's gone for ever. Peace be with thee, *Lucia*,
Where ever thou art.

*Pun.* Now he begins his Epithalamium.

*Tru.* If ſhe be guilty,
Forgive her, heav'n; ſhe'll repent, I'm ſure:
For ſhe is ſoft, and melting as the dew,
That kiſſes ev'ry morn the trembling roſes;
And howſoe'er beauty and youth miſled her,
She cannot be, I know, a ſtubborn ſinner.

*Pun.* Did ever Basket-maker talk thus? to himſelf too, like a Conjurer in a garden?

*Tru.* Ha! This is he, that wicked man,
That devil which betray'd her.

*Pun.* O, are you thereabouts? *Offers to go out.*

*Tru.*

*Tru.* Nay ſtay,
For were thou arm'd with thunder and my anger,
Yet I would bring thee back. Tell me what charms,
(For I will rip thy heart up but I'll know it)
What witch-craft didſt thou uſe t'entice her thus?
Never deny't. For hadſt thou been more handſome
Then other mens, or thine own flattery
Could ever make thee: haſt thou been as beautiful,
And couldſt have ſpoke as well as ſhe her ſelf,
All this were nothing; ſhe would look upon thee,
But luſt no more then thine own Angel does.
No, thou didſt uſe ſome curſed art to tempt her,
Some Philter——

*Pun.* Not I by all——what d'ye mean pray, Sir?

*Tru.* Why then you raviſht her, by Heav'n you raviſht her:
Alas, ſhe's weak and tender, very tender,
And was not able to reſiſt that ſtrength
Which youth and furious luſt did arm thee with.
'Twas baſely done, above expreſſion baſely,
And I would preſently revenge it fully,
But that my ſword would take from the laws juſtice,
And from thy ſhame.

*Pun.* I raviſh her? By this light I ſcorn't.

*Tru.* You did enjoy her body? Did you not?

*Pun.* I did ſo.

*Tru.* You did? I prithee do not ſay you did ſo;
This is to brag of the vile act th'aſt done:
But I ſhall ſpoil your pride and ſhameful glory
Which your baſe ſin affords you.

*Pun.* You bid me tell you the truth, what would you ha'me do?

*Tru.* Do? I would have thee fix thy adulterous eye
Upon the ground, which thy curſed feet diſhonour;
And bluſh more red then is the ſin th'aſt acted.
What would I have thee do? I'd have thee weep,
Shed as true tears as ſhe does for thy fault,
And ſigh away thy body into air.
What would I have thee do? I'd have thee kill thy ſelf.
And ſacrifice thy life to her wrong'd Soul.
Canſt thou refuſe to do all this for her,
For whom th'aſt damn'd thy ſelf?

*Pun.* We were contracted firſt e'er I enjoyed her.

*Tru.* Didſt thou enjoy her then? How durſt thou do it?
Why ſhe was mine, I tell thee ſhe was mine;
All the Seas wealth ſhould not have bought her from me,
While ſhe remain'd as ſpotleſs as my love:
And ſo ſhe did remain till thy ſin ſtain'd her.
I tell thee to that hour ſhe was more innocent
Then thou, falſe man, were in thy mothers womb.
Didſt thou enjoy her? Either fetch back that word,
Say, nay I'll have thee ſwear thou didſt not touch her,
Or by thoſe joyes which thou haſt rob'd me of,
I'll kill thee ſtrait.

*Pun.* 'Slid I did not touch her. What would you ha' me ſay? would I were *John* the Merchants man now.

*Tru.* O Heav'ns! O moſt unheard of villany!
Th haſt done a crime ſo great, that there is hardly
Mercy enough in Heav'n to pardon thee.
Tell me, (for now I'll argue mildly with thee)
Why ſhould you ſeek t'undo a harmleſs maid?
To rob her of her friends, her life perhaps,
I'm ſure her fame, which is much dearer to her.
'Twas an inhuman act; an act ſo barbarous,
That Nations unciviliz'd would abhor it:
I dare ſay boldly ſhe nev'r injured you;
For ſhe was gentle as the breath of Zephyrus:

And

And if she e'er did but begin a thought
Of wronging any man, she would have wept
Before she thought it out.

*Pan.* I had rather be a pickl'd-Oister, then i'this case I am in now.

*Tru.* Is *Lucia* abus'd? and I stand here
To expostulate with words her injuries?
Draw, for I'll talk no more with thee.

*Pan.* D'ye hear, Sir--by Heaven I lay with her, but we were contracted first--will you be pleas'd to hear me?

*Tru.* No, be gone.

*Pan.* Most willingly. Fare ye well heartily, Sir; I wish you a good night-cap.

*Exit.*

*Tru.* The want of sleep and diet has distempered me,
If I stay thus I shall be quite distracted;
Me thinks a kinde of strangeness seizes me:
And yet if I go home I shall be forc'd
To marry with *Aurelia*. Is it possible
There should be women good, if *Lucia* be not?
They are not sure: She lookt as well as any,
And spoke as well too.

## Act. 4. Scæn. 5.

*Truman* pater, *Truman* filius, *Blade.*

*Tru.* p. I tell you, Captain, he's a stubborn boy, a self-will'd hair-brain'd boy: he has his know-nots, and his wo'nots, and his may be's, when I speak. I have told him of his manner a hundred times; nay I may say a thousand.

*Bla.* Pray take my counsel for this once: though I be a souldier, yet I love not to do all things by force. Speak fairly to him.

*Tru.* p. Speak fairly to my son? I'll see him buried, I'll see his eyes out first.

*Bla.* I mean, desire him.

*Tru.* p. O, that's another matter. Well, for your perswasion, I'll do it: but if ever I speak fair to him---

*Bla.* I know his nature's such, that kindness will sooner win him---Look you, he's here i'faith, as melancholy as an owl i' the day-time.

*Tru.* p. O, are you there, Jacksauce---

*Bla.* Nay, remember what I told you.

*Tru.* p. 'Tis true indeed. How now, son *Dick*? you're melancholy still, I see.

*Tru.* f. It best becomes my fortune, Sir, now you have cast me off.

*Tru* p. I cast thee off? marry God forbid, *Dick*. How dost do, *Dick*? Thou lookst ill, *Dick*, in troth thou dost: I must have thee merry.

*Bla.* I see all kindness is against this dotards nature, he does so over-act it.

*Tru.* p. Wilt thou have a Physitian, *Dick*? Thou art my onely son, *Dick*, and I must have a care of thee: thou shouldst ride abroad sometimes, *Dick*, and be merry. We'll ha' a wife too for thee, *Dick*, a good wife, ha--

*Tru.* fil. I thank you, Sir; but I know not---

*Tru.* p. I, now he's at his know-nots. I will make you leave those know-nots, boy--

*Bla.* Remember, M. *Truman*, what I told you.

*Tru.* p. 'Tis true indeed. Your father's old now, *Dick*, you see, and would fain see a grandchilde: tis out of love to you, *Dick*, that I perswade you to't; you may be a comfort, *Dick*, to your father now.

*Tru.* f. You may command me.

*Tru.* p. Well said, *Dick*, I see thou lovest me now, *Dick*; dost thou want any money, *Dick*? or clothes? or horses? You should tell me what you want, you shall have any thing--here's the Captain, a hearty friend of yours--where's your Daughter, Captain? there's a wench, *Dick*! ha you seen her?

*Tru.* f. Yes, Sir.

*Tru.* p. And how do you like her, *Dick*? speak freely.

*Tru.* f. I know no cause why any should dislike her.

*Tru* p. Why well said, *Dick*; keep thee o' that minde still, and God will bless thee.

*Bla.* Your father means, Mr. *Truman*, I suppose, how you like her for a wife.

*Tru.* p. I can tell my own meaning my self I hope, I'm old enough I'm sure.

*Tru.* f. You wrong her much, I never shall deserve her.
Alas, I am a man so weak in all things,

So

So loſt both to the world and to my ſelf;
That if I lov'd a woman heartily,
And woo'd her with all zealous paſſions,
And valu'd her love 'bove all things elſe but Heaven;
Yet, when I thought upon my own unworthineſs,
I ſhould my ſelf perſwade her not to marry me.

*Bla.* Well, Sir, if you eſteem her worth your choiſe, ſhe ſhall be yours.

*Tru.* p. Why what ſhould ayle him, Captain? He eſteem her? Muſt he, forſooth, or I be Maſter pray? Captain *Blade*, you make him too ſaucy with ſuch talk; never tell me, Captain *Blade*, I ſay it makes him too ſaucy, I marry does it, it does i'faith; muſt he be his own Carver? Come no more words, I'll have you married preſently: i'faith law, Captain, you make him too ſaucy, that you do, you do i'faith, Sir; I can't abide when ſons muſt come to eſteem, he eſteem her with a vengeance?

*Tru.* f. I deſire time onely to conſider--

*Tru.* p. I, why I told you this; 'tis ſuch a another wilful, hair-braind Coxcomb, he's always a conſidering. Captain *Blade*, I could never keep him from his conſidering; but I ſhall ſo conſider you--go get you in, Sir, I'll have it done when I pleaſe; get you in, Sir, I'll keep you from conſidering hereafter. *Exeunt.*

## Act. 4. Scæn. 6.

*Aurelia*, *Lucia* diſguis'd.

*Aur.* What did you ſay your name was?

*Luc.* *Jane*, forſooth.

*Aur.* Well ſaid, *Jane*; and as I told you, *Jane*, you ſhall have ſix pound a yeer, *Jane*, for your wages; and then my cloathes will ſerve you with a little alteration: There's a gown of my Coſens within will almoſt fit you, you're much about her height, you ſhall ha' that too. I had a Couſin here was a fooliſh thing god wot, 'tis well I'm rid of her--and d'ye hear--you muſt be very ſecret and faithful to your Miſtris; a waiting womans place, is a place require ſecrecy.

*Luc.* I ſhall ill deſerve your favour elſe.

*Aur.* Nay, I dare truſt thee, *Jane*, thou look'ſt ingenuouſly: didſt thou ever live at Court?

*Luc.* No forſooth.

*Aur.* O, you muſt learn the faſhions of the Court: I'm already contracted to one Mr. *Puny*, though he little thinks of it; Take heed of ſpeaking, *Jane*, you ſee I truſt you. And when I'm married to him I'll live at Court: He's a ſimple thing God knows, but I'll have him knighted, and I like him the better for't; A wiſe woman you know will make the beſt uſe of a fooliſh husband. You know how to dreſs me, *Jane*, i'the Court faſhion?

*Luc.* Yes forſooth.

*Aur.* And you can lay me on a Fucus hanſomly?

*Luc.* I hope I ſhall quickly learn it.

*Aur.* And when you ſee a friend with me, or ſo, that I would be private with; you can ſtay i'the next room, and ſee that no body come in, to interrupt us?

*Luc.* I ſhall not be deficient in my duty.

*Aur.* Well ſaid. And can you tell in private ſuch a Gentleman that you heard me ſpeak in commendation of him, and that I dreamt of him laſt night? that will be in your way, *Jane*, ſuch men will be grateful. And ſay that I was longing t'other day, for ſuch a jewel or ſuch a toy?

*Lucia makes a courtſy.*

*Luc.* I hope you ſhall not finde me wanting in any ſervice to you.

*Aur.* I beleeve thee, *Jane*. To morrow I'll teach thee more: I ſhall read to you every day a leſſon, til I ſee you perfect in the ſcience: 'tis requiſite that you have a little of the Theory firſt. Go look out the pearle chain in the Cabinet within; and ſtay till I come to you. *Exit Jane.*

The wench I ſee is docile, and will learn; but alas ſhe muſt have time; ſhe has a little to much City breeding, I ſee, by Court'ſies and forſooths.

## Act 4. Scæn. 7.

*Aurelia, Blade.*

*Bla.* How now? all alone, *Aurelia?* you're eating soap and ashes here, I warrant you, without so much as saying grace for 'um.

*Aur.* I'd rather repent in ashes, Sir, then eat 'um

*Bla.* What would you think if I should marry now this very day?

*Aur.* I should think, Sir, you'd repent to morrow for't.

*Bla.* And the widow too.

*Aur* The widow? then you'll repent to night, Sir, I believe.

*Bla.* I woo'd her long ago, and now she sees there's an estate faln to me, faith she's content; and, to save charges, is willing to be married to day privately.

*Aur.* But I hope you are not so, Sir: why we shall have all the silenc'd Ministers humming and hawing thrice a week here; not a dish o' meat but will be longer a blessing then a tolling. I shall never hear my Virginals when I play upon 'um, for her daughter *Tabytha*'s singing of Psalms. The first pious deed will be, to banish *Shakespear* and *Ben. Johnson* out of the parlour, and to bring in their rooms *Mar-prelate*, and *Pryns* works. You'll ne'er endure't, Sir. You were wont to have a Sermon once a quarter at a good time; you shall have ten a day now.

*Bla.* Let me alone to deal with 'um. If any of her canting talking tribe shew their ears here, I will so use her tribe, that they shall free the Pope, and call me Antichrist hereafter: and the widow, I'll warrant you, I'll convert: I'll carry her to Plays, in stead of Lectures; she shall see them, as well as the dancing o' the ropes, and the Puppet-play of Nineve. But this is not my business, girl: I have an husband too for you.

*Aur.* I could wish you would keep him, Sir, if you have him; I know not what to do with him my self.

*Bla.* Come, 'tis a man you'll like, I'm sure; I have heard you often commend him for his parts. 'Tis young M. *Truman*.

*Aur. Truman*, Sir? the melancholy crosse-arm'd Gentleman that talks to trees and rivers as he goes by 'um? We should sit all day together like pictures of man and wife, with our faces towards one another, and never speak I'll undertake, upon our Marriage-night he'll onely sigh a little, cry *Cruel Fate*, and then go sleep.

*Bla.* Never fear't. Come, thou shalt have him, girl: go quickly and dress your self; we'll both be married on a day. The humor is good, and it saves charges: there's the widows humour too.

*Aur.* You'll give me leave, Sir—

*Bla.* No, no, no; prithee go dress thy self: by heaven it must be as I say: the fates have ordain'd it.

*Aur.* Be pleas'd to hear me, Sir.

*Bla.* I would not hear thee, though thou wert an Angel. I'm as resolute as he that writ the Resolves. Come away, and adorn thy self. *Exeunt.*

## Act. 4. Scæn. 8.

*Cutter, Degrel, and Puny disguis'd.*

*Pun.* Me thinks I look now like a two-peny apple pye, I know not how.

*Deg. John*, What's your name, *John?* I have forgot your name, *John*.

*Pun.* Do you mean the name that was given me at the Font?

*Deg.* Font? Font? I do not remember that Font. Let me see my scroll. *(Reads.)* There's ne'er a such town in Africa as Font. I do not remember Font.

*Pun.* Your memory, Sir, 's as short as an Ephemerides.

*Deg.* Did not I warn you, *John*, of such strange what-d'ye-call ums? Here's for that word. *(Strikes.)* I have forgot what word 'twas: for the word I mean.

*Pun.* Pox take you, *Degrel*, you strike too hard.

*Cut.* Thou'dst act well, I see: we'll ha' thee to Golden-lane, and there thou shalt do a King,

a King, or else some God in thine own cloathes.

*Dog.* When a dead man from Orcus I retract,
Well may you see that to the life I act.

*Pun.* Did not I warn you o' these what-d'ye-call-ums? 'Faith we'll be even, Master. *strikes him.*

*Cut.* Very well, *John*; those be good Memorandums for your Master.

*Dog.* I should be angry with thee for it, but that I ha' quite forgot it.

*Cut.* Let's see your scroll. (*Reads*) Memorandum for my house; I have a house in Fleetstreet, with a garden to't. My daughter is call'd *Lucia*; a handsome fair maid with red cheeks, black eyes, and brown hair, and a little dimple in her chin. My brother's name (to whom I left the charge of my daughter) is *Blade*. (A most excellent Note indeed.) What ha' we here? Memorandums concerning my estate. What, they're all of this stamp, are they not? Take heed, *Degrel*, the Captain's a shrewd fellow; he'll examine you more strictly then the Spanish Inquisition can.

*Dog.* Pish, if he pose me in any thing, my memory's weak, he knows; I h' forgot it quite.

*Cut.* And then your voice I fear; and then—

*Dog.* Pox take you, *Cutter*; a Casuist would not finde so many scruples.

*Pun.* The devil's in't, I shall never do this part; I know not how to speak and not be witty.

*Cut.* Well, look to't, gallants; if the Captain finde you out, he'll abuse you most unmercifully—I'm now for *Tabytha*.

*Pun.* The Captain abuse me? By this day, I'll jeer with him with my hands bound behinde me. Come away, Master.

*Dog.* I, *John*; but which way did we come?

*Pun.* Why this way, Master.

*Dog.* Then that way we must go. Is not this my house in Fleet street, *John*? I thought you had said t'had been in Fleet street.

*Pun.* Yes, so 'tis, Sir.

*Dog.* Truly I thought you said so. Come away, *John*. *Exeunt.*

*Finis Actus quarti.*

## Act. 5. Scæn. 1.

*Cutter, Tabytha.*

*Cut.* And the vision told me, sister *Tabytha*, that this same day, the twelfth of March, in the yeer of grace 1641, at this same holy place, by a holy man, we two, who are both holy vessels, should be joyned together in the holy band of Matrimony.

*Tab.* My mother will be angry, I'm afeard.

*Cut.* Your mother will rejoyce. I would not for a world that you should do it, but that we were commanded from above; yea, I may say commanded: for, to do things without a divine warrant, is like unto the building of a fire without a bottom cake.

*Tab.* I (God knows) that it is.

*Cut.* Very well, sister. Now when my eyes were opened in the morning, I awoke: for it was morning-tide, and my eyes were opened; and I looked into my pockets; for my breeches lay upon a joyn'd stool not far from the beds side: and in my pockets, even made with leather, I looked (I say) and found; What did I finde? marry a License written with ink and pen: Where did I finde it? in no other place, but even in a godly Catechism which I had wrapt and folded up long-ways, even in that very pocket.

*Tab.* I wou'd my mother knew it. But I'll not resist, God willing.

*Cut.* There is a godly Teacher within, that never was defiled with the Cap and Surplice, never wore that gambol call'd the Hood; even he shall joyn our hands. Shall we enter, sister?

*Tab.* Brother, I'll not resist.

*Exeunt.*

## Act. 5. Scæn. 2.

*Truman* filius, *Aurelia.*

*Tru.* And must we marry then?
*Aur.* It appears so by the story.
*Tru.* Why will you marry me? What is there in me
That may deserve your liking? I shall be
The most ill-favour'd malancholy Bridegroom
That ever took a melting maid t'his bed:
The faculties of my Soul are all untun'd,
And every glory of my spreading youth
Is turn'd into a strange and sudden winter.
You cannot love me sure.
*Aur.* No by my troth, Sir.
*Tru.* No, nor I you. Why should we marry then?
'Twere a meer folly, were it not *Aurelia*?
*Aur.* Nay, ask our Parents why. But, Sir, they say
'Tis the best marriage where like is joyned to like;
Now we two are a very even match;
For neither I love, you nor you love me;
And 'tis ten to one but we shall beget
Children that will love neither of us.
*Tru.* Nay, by my Soul I love you, but alas,
Not in that way that husbands love their wives;
I cannot play, nor toy, nor kiss, nor do
I know not what: And yet I was a lover,
As true a lover——
*Aur.* Alack a day, Sir.
*Tru.* 'Twas then me-thought the greatest happiness
To sit and talk, and look upon my Mistris,
Or (if she was not by) to think upon her.
Then every morning next to my devotion,
And sometimes too (forgive me Heav'n) before it,
She slipt into my fancy, and I took it
As a good omen for the following day.
It was a pretty foolish kind of life,
An honest harmless vanity: But now
The fairest face moves me no more then Snow
Or Lillies when I see 'um and pass by.
And I as soon shall deeply fall in love
With the fresh scarlet of an Easterne cloud,
As the red lips and cheek of any woman.
I do confess, *Aurelia*, thou art fair
And very lovely, and (I think) good natur'd.
*Aur.* Faith, Sir, I would not willingly be a man, if they be all like you.
*Tru.* And prithee now, *Aurelia*, tell me truly,
Are any women constant in their vowes?
Can they continue a whole week? a month?
And never change their faith? O if they could,
They would be excellent things. Nay, ne'er dissemble:
Are not their lusts unruly, insolent,
And as commanding as their beauties are?
Are their tears true and solid when they weep?
*Aur.* Sure, Mr. *Truman*, you ha'n't slept of late;
If we be married to night, what will
You do for sleep?
*Tru.* Why? Do not married people use to sleep?
*Aur.* Yes, yes. Alas good innocence!
*Tru.* They have a scurvy time of't if they do not;
But we'll not be as other people are,
We'll finde out some new handsome way of love,
Some kind of way that few shall imitate,
But all admire. For 'tis a sordid thing
That lust should dare t'insinuate it self
Into the marriage-bed. We'll get no children,
The worst of men and women can do that.
Besides too, if our issue should be female,
They would all learn to flatter and dissemble,
They'd all deceive with promises and vowes
Some simple man, and then turn false and kill him.
Would they not do't *Aurelia*?
*Aur.* Our sex is little beholding to you, Sir; I would your mother were alive to hear you. But pray, Mr. *Truman*, what shall we do when we are married?

*Tru.*

*Tru.* Why we'll live lovingly together:
Sometimes we'll sit and talk of excellent things,
And laugh at all the nonsence of the world:
Sometimes we'll walk together into the fields:
Sometimes we'll pray and read, and sometimes eat,
And sometimes sleep; and then at last we'll die,
And go to heav'n together, 'Twill be dainty.

*Aur.* We may do this, me thinks, and never marry for the business.

*Tru.* 'Tis true, we might do so:
But since our parents are resolv'd upon't,
In such a trifle let 'um have their humour.
My father sent me here to complement,
And keep a prating here, and play the fool:
I cannot do't. What should I do, *Aurelia?*
What do they use to say?

*Aur.* Sure, Sir, you knew, when you were a suitor to my cousin *Lucia.*

*Tru.* I, but those days are past, and I have now
Forgot what manner of man a lover is:
I was one then, I'm sure on't. O that *Lucia,*
That *Lucia* was so wonderful a creature——
There was a cheek, a lip, a nose, an eye!
Did you observe her eye, *Aurelia?*

*Aur.* Yes, yes, Sir, you were wont to sit all day,
And look upon the pretty babies in it.

*Tru.* It was as glorious as the eye of heav'n,
Like the souls eye, dispers'd through ev'ry thing.
And then her hands! her hands of liquid Ivory!
Did she but touch her Lute (the pleasing'st harmony
Then upon earth, when she her self was silent)
The subtil motion of her flying fingers
Taught Musick a new art, To take the sight
As well as th'ear.

*Aur.* I, I, Sir, y'had best go look her out, and marry her.

*Tru.* Nay prithee be not angry, good *Aurelia;*
I do not say she is more fair then thou art:
Yet if I did——No, but I will not say so:
Onely I strive to cherish the remembrance
Of one I lov'd so well. And, now I think on't,
I'll beg a favour of you: you'll laugh at me,
I know, when you have heard me: but I'll beg it:
Prithee be veil'd as *Lucia* was of late;
Cast such a silken cloud upon thy beauty
For this one day: I'd fain marry you so.
'Tis an odde foolish humour, I confess:
But love and grief may be allow'd sometimes
A little innocent folly.

*Aur.* Well, I'll obey your humour; pray walk in there;
I'll onely dress my self, and wait upon you.

*Tru.* And we'll be married very privately.
None but our selves, it will be best, *Aurelia.*

*Exit.*

*Aur.* Why here's a husband for a wench of clouts! May I never laugh again, if his company has not made me duller then Ale and butter'd cakes wou'd ha' done. I marry him? the old men must excuse me. I'll sooner chuse a fellow that lies bed-rid, and can do nothing a-nights but cough. Well, if I don't teach 'um what 'tis to force a wench that has wit, may my husband beat me when I have one, and I sit still and cry. I like this very well——It shall be so. *Iane,* come hither, *Iane.*

## Act. 5. Scæn. 3.

*Aurelia, Lucia.*

*Aur.* O *Iane,* that's well; little think you what good's towards you; 'tis that you have wisht for, I dare say, th'se five yeers; a good handsome husband. What think you of young *Truman?*

*Luc.* I think every thing
That makes a man compleat, and his wife happie,
The richest glories of a minde and body,
And their not ill companion, Fortune too,
Are reconcil'd and married all in him:
And I commend the wisdom of your stars,
That joyn you two together.

*Aur.* Nay faith thou shalt e'en have him thy

thy ſelf for better or worſe. He's too handſome indeed, unleſs he could make better uſe of his beauty; for by my troth, wench, I'm afraid thou'lt finde thy pillow as good a bed-fellow.

*Luc.* I pray do not mock your ſervant.

*Aur.* Thou ſhalt ſee, *Jane*, I do not; come in, wench, and I'll tell thee all my plot. *Exeunt.*

## Act. 5. Scæn. 4.

*Blade, Servant.*

*Bla.* Well, Sir, is the Cook doing according to my directions?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir, he's very hard at his buſineſs i'the kitchin: h' has been a ſwearing and curſing at the ſcullions at leaſt this hour, Sir.

*Bla.* 'Tis ſuch an over-waſted Coxcomb; an other wedding dinner would make him a S. *Laurence*: bid him be ſure the Veniſon be well ſeaſon'd

*Serv.* Troth, Sir, I dare not ſpeak to him now, unleſs I put on the armor in the hall: he had like to have ſpitted me next to a gooſe, for ſaying that he look'd like an ox that was roaſted whole at S. *James's* fayre.

*Bla.* You have invited all the gueſts to dinner you talk'd of?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Bla.* And the widdows round-headed kindred?

*Serv.* Yes, Sir.

*Bla.* They'l come i'their garded petticoats, will they not? You ſhould have bid 'um eat no porrige at home, to ſeem more mannerly here at dinner. The widdow will be angry at their charges, but I'll pleaſe her at night. Go bid the Butler look to his plate, and not be drunk till he ſees it all in again. Whoſe at the door there?

## Act. 5 Scæn. 5.

*Blade, Dogrel, and Puny diſguis'd.*

*Serv.* Faith, Sir, you know as well as I; ſome charitable beaſt come to be dreſt here. Shall I call the Cook, Sir?

*Dog.* Why this is my houſe here, *John*: ha! ha! little thought I to have ſeen my houſe in Fleet-ſtreet again. Where's my brother *Blade*?

*Bla.* They call me Captain *Blade*.

*Dog.* Is this he *John*? Let me ſee (*reads*) A proper burly man, with a whitiſh beard, a quick eye, and a noſe inclining to red, 'tis true Save you good brother, you did not expect me here; did you brother? Stay let me ſee how many yeers ago is't ſince we went from home?

*Pun.* 'Tis now juſt ſeven, Sir.

*Dog.* Seven! me think's I was here but yeſterday: How the what-d'ye-call-'um runs? What do ye call it?

*Pun.* Time, Sir.

*Dog.* I, I, Time. What was't I was ſaying? O, I was telling you brother, that I had quite forgot you: was I not telling him ſo *John*?

*Bla.* By my troth, Sir, we are both quits then; for I have forgot you too. Why, you were dead five yeers ago.

*Dog.* Was I ſo? I ha' quite forgot it. *John*, was I dead five yeers ago? My memory failes me very much of late.

*Pun.* We were worſe then dead I'm ſure; we were taken by a barbarous kind of Nation, and there made ſlaves theſe five yeers. *John* quoth he! I was poor *John* indeed: I'm ſure they fed us three whole yeers with nothing but Acorns and water: we lookt like wicker-bottles.

*Dog.* How, Sirrah? Did your Maſter look like a wicked boat-man? (*ſtrikes him*) Nay I remember what you ſaid we lookt like Did we look like what-d'ye-call-ums?

*Bla.* Where did they take you priſoners?

*Dog.* Nay ask *John*, he can tell you I warrant you. 'Twas in---tell him, *John*, where it was.

*Pun.* In Guiny, Sir.

*Bla.* By what Country-men were you taken?

*Dog.* Why they were call'd---I know not what

what they call'd 'um 'twas an odde kinde of name; but *Iohn* can tell you.

*Pun.* 'Slife, who I, Sir? d'ye think I can remember all things?

*Dog.* 'Tis in my book here; I remember well the name of any Country under the Sun.

*Pun.* I know their names, Sir, well enough; but I only tri'd my Masters memory. They 're call'd Tartarians.

*Dog.* How say you? what were they?

*Pun.* Tartarians, Sir.

*Dog.* I, I, these were the men.

*Bla.* How, *John*! why all the world, man, lies between 'um: they live up i' the North.

*Pun.* The North?

*Bla.* I, the very North, *John*.

*Pun.* That's true indeed: but these were another nation of the Tartarians that liv'd by us.

*Bla.* Well, how escap'd you, *John*, at last?

*Pun.* Why 'faith, Sir, to tell you the truth, for I love not to tell a lye, the Kings daughter fell in love with me, and for my sake there set us free. My master has it all in his book; 'ris a fine story.

*Bla.* Strange! In what ship did you come back?

*Dog.* What ship? why 'twas call'd—a thing that swims—How d'ye call it?

*Bla.* What? the Mermaid?

*Dog.* No, no, no, let me see—

*Bla.* What? was't the Triton?

*Dog.* No, no—it swims, I tell you.

*Bla.* The Dolphin?

*Dog.* No, no—I have forgot what 'twas.

*Bla.* What say you, *John*?

*Pun.* (Pox take him.) I, Sir? O God, my Master, Sir, can tell as well as I.

*Bla.* He says he has forgot.

*Pun.* Tis his pleasure to say so, Sir: he may say what he pleases. (A plague upon him.) You can't conceive the misery we have past, Sir.

*Bla.* Well, brother, I'll make bold to ask one question more of you. Where did you leave your Will when you went away?

*Pun.* 'Slife, now he's pos'd again.

*Dog.* I'll tell you presently, brother; let me see. (*Reads.*) Memorandum for my Will: Left to my brother *Blade* the whole charge of my estate—hum—What did you ask me brother?

*Bla.* In what place you left your Will?

*Dog.* I, that was it indeed; you're i' the right; 'twas the very thing you askt me; and yet see how quickly I forgot it. My memory's short, alas, God help me.

*Bla.* This is no answer to my question, yet.

*Dog.* 'Tis true indeed. What was your question, pray?

*Bla.* Where you left your Will.

*Dog.* Good lord! I had forgot you askt me this; I had forgot, i' faith law, that I had: you'll pardon my infirmity, I hope, brother; for alas—alas—I ha' forgot what I was going to say to you; but I was a saying something, I am sure.

*Pun.* Did not you know us, *Will*? prithee tell's true.

*Serv.* No, by this light: why, you're grown as black as the chimney-stock.

*Pun.* That's the nature of the Country where we liv'd. O the stories that I shall tell you! And how does *Nell*, and little bonny *Besi*? are they as merry grigs as e'er they were?

*Serv.* No; *Besi*, poor wench, is married to a Chandler; but she's true blue still, as right as my leg, I'll warrant you.

*Dog.* What is't, *Iohn*? what was I going to say, *Iohn*, to my brother?

*Pun.* I know not, Sir; was't not about your daughter?

*Dog.* I, I, my daughter—What d'ye call her?

*Pun.* *Lucia*, Sir.

*Dog.* 'Tis true indeed; my daughter *Lucia*, brother.

*Bla.* Pray walk into the parlour; I'll come to you presently, and tell you all.

*Dog.* Well, *Iohn*, put me in minde o' my daughter *Lucia*. (A plague o' your Tartarians.)

*Pun.* (And o' your what-d'ye-call ums.)

*Dog.* ('Slife, Tartarians.) *Exeunt Dog. Pun.*

*Bla.* If these be rogues, they are as impudent as Mountebanks and Jugglers: and if I finde

finde 'um to be rogues, (as I ſee nothing yet to the contrary) how I will exerciſe my rogues! The tyranny of a new Beadle over a beggar, ſhall be nothing to mine. Come hither, *Will*, what think you of theſe two fellows?

*Serv.* 'Faith, Sir, I know not: but if you think it be not my old Maſter, I'll beat 'um worſe then the Tartarians did.

*Bla.* No, no, let's try um firſt. Thou waſt wont to be a very precious knave, and a great acter too, a very *Roſcius*. Didſt not thou once act the Clown in *Muſidorus*?

*Serv.* No, Sir; but I plaid the Bear there.

*Bla.* The Bear? why that's a good part; th'art an acter then, I'll warrant thee. The Bear's a well-pen'd part. And you remember my brothers humour, don't you? They have almoſt hit it.

*Serv.* Yes, Sir, I know the ſhortneſs of my Maſters memory; he would forget ſometimes to pay me my wages till he was put in minde on't.

*Bla.* Well ſaid. I'll dreſs thee within in his own chamber; and all the ſervants ſhall acknowledge you. But who ſhall do truſty *John*?

*Serv.* O, *Ralph* the Butler, Sir; he's an old actor, Sir, h'has plaid a King he ſays. I have heard him ſpeak a Play *extempore* in the Buttry, Sir.

*Bla.* O *Ralph*, excellent *Ralph*, incomparable *Ralph*, *Ralph* againſt the world! Come away, *William*; I'll give you inſtructions within. It muſt be done in the twinkling of an eye. *Exeunt.*

## Act. 5. Scæn. 6.

*Cutter, Tabytha, Boy.*

*Cut.* Now, Miſtreſs *Tabytha Cutter*, let me kiſs thee.

*Tab.* Pray God my mother be not angry.

*Cut.* Think not o' thy mother, Spouſe; I tell thee, Sponſe, thou ſhalt be a mother thy ſelf, within theſe nine months.

Come to my bed, my dear, my dear
come to my bed:
For the pleaſant pain,
And the loſs with gain,
Is the loſs of a maidenhead.

*Tab.* Is that a Pſalm, brother husband, that you ſing?

*Cut.* No, no, a ſhort ejaculatory. Sirrah boy, are the things within that I ſpoke for?

*Boy.* Yes, Sir.

*Cut.* Go fetch 'um in. *Exit Boy.*
Come, *Tabytha*, let's be merry: Canſt thou ſing a catch, wench? O well ſaid, Boy!

*Enter boy with a hat and a feather, a broad band, a ſword, & a belt, & a periwig.*

*Tab* What do you mean, brother huſband?
I hope you'll not turn roarer.

*Cut.* What? do theſe cloathes befit Queen *Tabytha*'s husband? this hat with a chimny-crown, and brims no broader then a moderate hat-band? Give me the Periwig, boy. What? ſhall Empreſs *Tabytha*'s husband go as if his head were ſcalded? or with the ſeam of a ſhirt for a band? Shall I walk without a ſword, and not dare to quarrel i' the ſtreets, and thruſt men from the wall? Will the Fidlers be here preſently, boy?

*Boy.* Yes, Sir.

*Tab.* Piſh, I can't abide theſe doings. Are you mad? O lord! what will my mother ſay? There ſhall come no Fidlers here.

*Cut.* Be peaceable, gentle *Tabytha*; they will not bring the Organs with 'um. I ſay be peaceable; the viſion bid me do thus. Wilt thou reſiſt the viſion?

*Tab.* An' theſe be your viſions--Little did I think 'twere--Is this your religion and praying? Which of all the Prophets wore ſuch a map about his head, or ſuch a ſheet about his neck? What ſhall I do? I am undone.

*Cut.* What ſhalt thou do? Why, thou ſhalt dance, and ſing, and drink, and laugh; thou ſhalt go with thy breſts open, and thy hair braided; thou ſhalt put fine black ſtars upon thy face, and have great bobs for thy ears. Nay, if thou doſt begin to look ruſtily, I'll have thee paint thy face like the whore of Babylon.

*Tab.* O that ever I was born to ſee this day!

*Cut.*

*Cut.* What? doſt thou weep, Queen *Dido?* Thou ſhalt have Sack to drive away thy ſorrow. Come hither, boy, fetch me a quart of Canary. *(Exit boy.)* Thou ſhalt ſee I'll be a loving husband to thee. The viſion, *Tabytha*, bid me give you drink: we muſt obey theſe viſions. Sing, *Tabytha:* Cry on your wedding-day? 'tis ominous.

Come to my bed, my dear;
Come to my bed:
For the pleaſant pain-- *Enter boy with wine.*

O art thou come, boy-- Well ſaid, fill a brimmer; nay fuller yet, yet a little fuller. So. Here's to the Lady-Spouſe; to our good ſport to night.

*Tab.* Drink it your ſelf, if you will; I'll not touch it.

*Cut.* By this hand, thou ſhalt pledge me, ſeeing the viſion ſaid ſo. Drink, or I'll take a Coach and carry thee to a Play immediately.

*Tab.* I can't abide-- *(She drinks.)*

*Cut.* Why, this will clear thy heart, wench: Sack, and an husband, wench, are both comfortable things. Have at you again.

*Tab.* I'll pledge you no more, not I.

*Cut.* Here, take this glaſs, and take it off too, or elſe I'll ſwear an hundred oathes in a breathing-time. Here-

*Tab.* Well, you're the ſtrangeſt man-

*Cut.* Why this is right now. Nay off with it. So. But the viſion ſaid that whatſoever we left of this ſame wine, would turn to poiſon ſtraight. There, here's to you, *Tabytha*, once again: 'tis the viſions will.

*Tab.* What? muſt I drink again, then? Well, I'll not reſiſt. You're ſuch another brother-husband. *(Drinks.)* There's a whole one now-

Come to my bed, my dear;
Come to my bed-
How was't? 'Twas a pretty one.

*Cut.* O divine *Tabytha*! Here come the Fidlers too. Strike up, you rogues.

*Tab.* What? muſt we dance now? is not that the faſhion? I could have danc'd the Coranto when I was a girl. The Coranto's a curious dance.

*Cut.* We'll dance out the diſeaſe of the Tarantula: but firſt we'll have a health to my pretty *Tabytha*.

*Tab.* I'll begin't my ſelf. Here, Duck, here's to all that love us.

*Cut.* A health, you eternal ſcrapers ſound a health. Bravely done, *Tabytha*. What thinkſt thou now o' thy mother?

*Tab.* A fig for my mother; I'll be a mother my ſelf. Come, Duckling, ſhall we go home?

*Cut.* Go home? the Bride and the Bridegroom go? We'll dance home. Afore us, ſqueakers: that way, and be hang'd. So. O brave Queen *Tabytha*! excellent Empreſs *Tabytha*! On, you rogues. *They go out dancing, with the muſick before 'um.*

## Act. 5. Scæn. 7.

*Blade, Dogrel, Puny.*

*Dog.* I muſt not be fob'd off thus about my daughter: I remember not your excuſe; but *John* can tell well enough, I warrant you.

*Bla.* I have told you the plain truth: you'll not be angry, I hope.

*Dog.* I ſhall have cauſe to be angry, I fear: Did not I leave her to his charge, *John?* Brother, I tell you-

*Bla.* I muſt not anſwer, brother-

*Dog.* I know you put me out, that I might forget what I ſaid to you before: remember, *John*: I'll be as cunning as you're crafty: remember, *John*. How now? what's the matter? *Enter ſervant.*

*Serv.* Ho, my old Maſter's come; he's lighted now at the door with his man *John*: he's asking for you; he longs to ſee you: my Maſter, my old Maſter.

*Bla.* This fellow's mad.

*Serv.* If you won't believe me, go in and ſee, Sir: he's not ſo much alter'd, but you'll quickly know him. I knew him as ſoon as I ſaw him. Pray, Sir, go in. *Exeunt Blade and ſervant.*

*Bla.* Why this is ſtrange.

*Pun.* If this be true, what courſe ſhall we take, *Dogrel?* I begin to ſhake like a plum-tree-leaf.

*Dog.* We'll ſhift ſome way or other, I warrant you.

*Pun.* How, *Dogrel*? prithee how?

*Dog.* Let the worſt come, we can be but whipt, or burnt in the hand, at the moſt.

*Pun.* Ho, our beſt way will be to hang our ſelves---'Slife, here's *John*.

## Act. 5. Scæn 8.

*Dogrel, Puny, John, two or three ſervants.*

1 *Serv.* Give me thy hand i'faith, boy: is't poſſible that thou ſhouldſt be alive ſtill?

2 *Serv.* Ha rogue! art thou come i'faith? I have a pottle o' Sack to welcome thee.

3 *Serv.* Why you'll not look upon your poor friends, *John* Give me thy golls, *John*. How haſt thou done this great while?

*John.* I thank you all heartily for your loves; thank you with all my heart-law. What? my old bed-fellow *Robin*? how doſt do? when ſhall we ſteal Apricocks ag in? d'ye remember, *Robin*?

2 *Serv.* A murrain take you; you'll never forget your roguery.

*Pun.* A murrain take you all: this was your plot, and be hang'd. Would I were *Puny* the Wit again.

*Dog.* Accurſed Fate---

3 *Serv.* Come, *John*, let's go to the Buttry, and be merry: *Ralph* longs to ſee you, I'm ſure.

*John.* And how does *Ralph*? good honeſt *Ralph*? That *Ralp's* as honeſt a fellow, though I ſay't my ſelf; I love him with all my heart-law, that I do; and there's no love loſt, I dare ſay for him.

2 *Serv.* Come, my maſters, will you go in? I'll prevail with the Cook for a ſlice or two of Beef; and we'll have a cup of Stingo, the beſt in the cellar.

*John.* Well ſaid, ſteel to the back ſtill; that was your word, you know. My maſter s coming in: go. I'll follow you ſtraight.

1 *Serv.* Make haſte, good *John*, for I can't ſtay. *Exeunt Servants.*

*John.* Here's a company of as honeſt fellows a ſa ma would wiſh to live i' the houſe withal; all, no man excepted.

*Dog.* Would I were out of the houſe, as honeſt as they are. Here they come, *John*.

*Pun.* *John*, quoth he, with a pox.

## Act. 5. Scæn. 9.

*Dogrel, Puny, John, Blade, William.*

*Bla.* Me thinks you're not return'd, Sir,
But born to us anew, and I could wiſh
My tongue were not more niggardly then my heart
In giving you a welcom.

*Will.* Thank you good brother. Truly we ha' paſt through many dangers; my man ſhall tell you all, I'm old and craſy, and forget theſe things. (*Enter Widow.*

*Bla.* Pox on't, the Widow's come already; keep 'um here *John*, till I come back. O are you here ſweet-heart?

*Wid.* Who have you yonder, I pray?

*Bla.* O you ſhould not ha' ſeen 'um yet, they are Maskers.

*Wid.* Not vagrant players, I hope?

*Bla.* No, no, they can onely tumble, and dance upon the rope, you ſhall ſee 'um after dinner. Let's away ſweet-heart, the Parſon ſtays for us, he has blown his fingers this hour. (*Exeunt Blade and the Widow.*

*Dog.* I'm glad the Captain's gone, now will I ſneak away, like one that has ſtolen a ſilver-ſpoone.

*Pun.* I'll be your man and follow you.

*Will.* Who are theſe *John*? By your leave, Sir; would you ſpeak with any here?

*Dog.* The Captain, Sir. But I'll take ſome other time to wait on him, my occaſions call me now.

*Will.* Nay, pray, Sir, ſtay. Whom did you ſay you would ſpeak withall?

*Dog.* The Captain, Sir. But another time will ſerve. I ha' ſome haſte of buſineſs.

*Will.* Whom would he ſpeak with, *John*? I forget ſtill.

*Joh.* The Captain Sir.

*Will.* Captain? What Captain Sir?

*Dog.* Your brother I ſuppoſe he is.

*Will.* 'Tis true indeed, I had forgot that my brother was a Captain. I cry you mercy,

ty, Sir, he'll be here presently. Are you an English-man, Sir?

*Dog.* Yes, Sir.

*Will.* Where were you born I pray?

*Dog.* In London, Sir. I must leave you--

*Will.* In London? y'are an English-man then I see, Sir. Would you have spoke with me Sir?

*Dog.* No, with your brother, but my business with him requires not haste, and therefore---

*Will.* You're not in haste you say; pray sit down then: may I crave your name, Sir?

*Dog.* My name's not worth your knowlede, Sir; but my mans name's *John*.

*Pun.* (If I be *John* any more I'll be hang'd) No my name's *Timothy*, Sir.

*Will.* Mr. *John Timothy*? Very well, Sir. You seem to Be a Travellor.

*Dog.* We're newly come out of Affrick, and therefore have some business that requires us

*Will.* Of Affrick? Law you there now. What Country pray?

*Dog.* *Prester John's* Country. Fare you well, Sir. now.

*Will.* Marry God forbid. What come from *Prester John*, and we not drink a cup of Sack together?

*Dog.* (What shall I do?) Friend, shall I trouble you to shew me where your house of office is?

*Will.* You'll stay here Mr.— what's your name, pray?

*Pun.* *Timothy*, Sir.

*Will.* Gods me, 'tis true indeed Mr. *John Timothy*.

*Pun.* I'll only make water, and come to you.

*Job.* The door, Sir, is lockt; the Captain has lockt us all in here, if you'll be pleas'd to stay, Sir, till he comes--

*Dog.* (I'd as live stay to meet the Devil, or a Sargeant.)

*Pun.* (Would I were hid like maggot in a pescod; we shall be abused I see, oh, oh, oh,)

*Job.* What makes you quake so, Sir?

*Pun.* Nothing, onely I have an extream list to make water: 'Tis nothing else by this light.

*Will.* My brother would not have you gone it seems. Your names Mr. *John Timothy*, is it?

*Dog.* No, that's my mans name.

*Will.* O, your mans name; 'tis true, 'tis very true indeed, that's your man's name. You'll pardon me, Sir?

*Job.* Pray, friend, do you know the great City call'd Astervadil, where my name-sake *Prester-John* keeps his Court?

*Pun.* Know't? I, very well; I have liv'd there a great while, I have cause to know't.

*Job.* Ther's a brave Castle of three miles long.

*Pun.* I, and many stately building too.

*Job.* The noble mens houses are all built of Marble.

*Pun.* They make indeed a glorious show. I ha' seen 'um.

*Job.* It may be so. But to my knowledg, friend, there is no such City there.

*Pun.* It may be the names are alter'd since I was there. (Here's the Captain, I'll sneak behind the hangings.)

## Act. 5. Scæn. 10.

*Dogrel, Pun, William, John, Blade, Widow.*

*Bla.* I like this Person well, h' has made short work on't, he had appointed sure some meeting at an Ale-house. Welcome wife, welcome home now. But I ha' two brethren which you must know.

*Wid.* Marry, Heav'ns forefheild, Sir.

*Bla.* Brethren in God sweet-heart, no otherwise. Come hither Guiny brother; what say you?

*Will.* This Gentleman, Brother, has stay'd for you here; pray use him kindly, he's a Traveller: where did you say you travell'd Sir?

*Bla.* O yes! How do you, brother?

*Dog.* I your brother? what d'ye mean?

*Bla.* Why, are not you my brother *Blade* that was taken captive by the Tartars? Ha!

*Dog.* You're merrily diſpos'd, Sir: I your brother! I taken captive by the Tartars! Ha, ha, ha! I underſtand not your meaning, Sir.

*Bla.* What an impudent ſlave's this! Sirrah mönſter, didſt not thou come with thy man *Iohn?*

*Dog.* I, my man *Iohn?* here's no ſuch fellow here, you ſee: how you're miſtaken, Sir! you mean ſome other man. This is the ſtrangeſt humour.

*Bla.* Sirrah, doſt thou ſee this fiſt? doſt thou ſee this foot? I'll wear theſe out upon thee——

*Dog* Hold, pray Sir, hold. I remember now indeed that I was *Blade* the Merchant; but I had quite forgot it. You muſt pardon me; my memory's very weak.

*Bla.* I like the humour. But I muſt know, Sir, who you are, now you ha' left being my brother.

*Dog.* Who, I? don't you know me? I'm *Dogrel* the Poet, and *Puny* was my man *Iohn.* Lord that you ſhould not know me all this while! not know Poet *Dogrel!*

Why I intended here this merry play,
To ſolemnize your nuptial day.

*VVid.* O thank you, M. *Dogrel*; Can you dance upon the ropes, and tumble? Truely I never knew it before, not I.

*Bla.* Where's that fool, *Puny?* Is he ſlipt away?

*Pun.* (He was wiſe enough to do ſo, I'll warrant you.)

*Bla.* I will beat him ſo, that he ſhall not finde a ſimilitude for himſelf. As for you, *Dogrel*, becauſe you came off pretty handſomely, with the beſt at the laſt, like an Epigram, I may chance to pardon you; but upon this condition, that you make no Epithalamiums upon my marriage.

Well ſaid, *Will*; bravely done, *Will*: i' faith thou ſhalt ha' two laces more to thy Livery, for doing this ſo well. I told thee, *Will*, what 'twas to have acted the Bear in *Muſidorus.* And *Ralph* was a brave *Iohn* too——

*He pulls off his mens diſguiſes.*

*Dog.* How's this? I plainly ſee I'm an Aſs then: 'twas this damn'd *Puny*'s fearfulneſs ſpoil'd all.

*Pun.* (A pox o' this coward *Dogrel*: I thought they were not the right ones.)

*Bla.* I ſee my Players had more wit then my Poet. Here's ſomething for you to drink. Go in now: this is your Cue of *Exit*; and ſee all things there in a readineſs.

*Will.* Nay, let the Maſter go firſt. Follow me, *Iohn.* *Exeunt Will. and Ralph.*

*VVid.* What, husband? Ha' you giv'n 'um any thing? Indeed, Love, you're too laviſh.

*Dog.* 'Twas very wittily put off o' me, howſoever.

## Act. 5. Scæn. 11.

*Blade, Widow, Dogrel, Puny, Cutter, and Tabytha, with Fidlers before 'um.*

*Bla.* How now? what ha' we here? another Puppet-play? Any thing now but brothers, and I'm for 'um. Who? *Cutter?* What's the matter, Poet? Come, what device is this? like one o' yours?

*Cut.* Stay at the door, ye ſempiternal ſqueakers. Come, Queen o' fame.

*Tab.* Lord, I'm ſo weary with dancing as paſſes. Yonder's my mother. Oh mother! what d'ye think I ha' been doing to day?

*Wid.* Why what, childe?

*Tab.* Nay nothing: I have onely been married a little; and my husband and I ha' ſo danc'd it ſince!

*Cut.* Brave *Tabytha* ſtill! Never be angry, Widow; you know where Marriages are made. How now, Captain? If I turn Tapſter now, 'twill be happie for you: for I ſhall be rich enough to truſt you, Captain.

*Wid.* 'Twas Gods will, I ſee, and therefore there's no reſiſting. But what d'ye mean, ſon? I hope you'll not turn ſwaggerer?

*Cut.* 'Tis for ſpecial reaſons, gentle mother. Why how now, *Dogrel?* M. *Blade* the Merchant looks as if he were broke: he has turn'd away his ſervant too.

*Tab.* Who's that? M. *Dogrel* i' theſe Players clothes? Can M. *Dogrel* dance too, husband?

*Bla.*

*Bla.* Prithee, *Cutter*, what hath exalted *Tabytha* thus?

*Cut.* What? this good fortune ſhe has got by me: You know what a dull creature ſhe was before; her ſoul was in her body, like butter in a hot cake; now ſhe's as full of Spirits as Hell it ſelf. My counſel and two cups o' Sack, have wrought this miracle.

## Act. 5. Scæn. 12.

*To theſe, Truman* Pater, *Truman* Filius, *Lucia* veil'd.

*Tru. p.* Well ſaid! You are joyn'd then now, my bleſſing on you both; come in to your father *Blade*. Nay, daughter *Aurelia*, off with your veil now. Ha! Whom ha' you married here?

*Tru. f.* I know not, Sir. She was *Aurelia* when we went to Church.

*Bla.* This is my daughters maid. Where's the wench? Ho! *Aurelia*?

## Act. 5. Scæn. 13.

*To them, Aurelia.*

*Aur.* Here, Sir.

*Bla.* Here, Sir? Why do you make your husband lead your maid in thus?

*Aur.* My husband, Sir? what's that?

*Bla.* Why, huſwife is not Mr. *Truman* your husband?

*Aur.* No, by my troth, Sir, I thank God.

*Tru. p.* Theſe are fine tricks; delicate, dainty tricks. Sirrah, how durſt you Sirrah?--and for your minion--marry come up, marry a Chamber-maid? Well, Captain, this was your plotting. You ſaid indeed you'd make a *Cribron* o' me: y' ha' don't indeed; I thank you, Captain *Blade*, 'tis well. Out o' my ſight, Sir, with your minion there, I ſay out o' my ſight. Ha! am I fool'd thus? I ſhall make ſome repent it, I hold a groate on't.

*Bla.* D'ye hear, Mr. *Truman*--

*Tru. p.* Yes, Sir, I do hear; and I will not hear if it pleaſe me, Sir; but ſome body ſhall hear o' this Captain. But, Captain, you're deceived, this is not a lawful marriage.

*Luc.* Pray, hear me all; for I ſhall tell thoſe things
That will appeaſe your wrath, and move your wonder.
I've married *Truman*, and I will enjoy him,
And he will love me, I am ſure he will;
For I am *Lucia*, the much injure'd *Lucia*.

*Omn.* Ha!

*Luc.* The habit of a ſervant I put on,
That I might finde who 'twas I ought to pardon,
For all the wrongs done to me. I have found it,
Coſen, you know I have, and I forgive 'um.

*Aur.* Then all my plots are ſpoil'd. Pardon me, Couſin:
And, Mr. *Truman*, know you have a wife
That is as pure and innocent as the thoughts
Of dying Saints? 'Twas I that with the veile
Deceiv'd you in the Priſon; it was I,
Who in that veile contracted my ſelf to *Puny*.
Forgive me both; I do confeſs I've wrong'd you,
But Heav'n has ſeen you righted.

*Tru. f.* O this bleſt hour!
What ſhall I ſay? I know thou art all goodneſs,
But canſt thou pardon, *Lucia*, that great ſin,
That high and mighty ſin which I have done
In doubting of thy faith? I fear thou canſt not.

*Luc.* I do deſire no more then that I may,
Deſerve your better opinion, Sir, hereafter.
And uncle for your poyſon--

*Bla.* Speak no more of it,
I do confeſs it, Neece; and ſhall moſt willingly
Surrender up the charge of your Eſtate.
It hath pleas'd Heav'n to reſtore me mine own
By marriage with this Widow.

*Tru. p.* Ha, ha, ha! To ſee how things are come about! I thought *Dick* would not be

be such a fool as to marry one that he knew not. He knew her well enough, I'll warrant you. How do you, Captain? I was somewhat rash: I'm an old man, alas.

*Bla. Cunn.* and M. *Degrel*, you that sneak there;
You're precious witnesses. But no more o' that.
You have been to blame, *Aurelia*. But 'tis past.
We want your husband here: Where's *Pun?*

*Pun.* (I'll venture out amongst 'um.)

*Enter Puny.*

Nay ne'er laugh at me; I know I look like a door without hinges. A pox upon you, *Degrel*; are you there?

*Bla.* What? my son *John?* d'ye know this Gentlewoman?

*Aur.* D'ye know this piece of gold, Sir, which you broke?

*Pun.* Hum? Yes 'faith, 'tis the same: thou art my *Cynthia*, wench, my *Endymion*: we'll be married presently. O for a witty Parson to marry us two Wits!

*Deg.* Slife, one, two, three, i'faith four matches here at one time! What accursed fortune's this! there's three feasts lost: they'll dine all together.

*Pun.* I will not kiss thee, my little magazine, till I have washt my face. Ha, M. *Degrel*, hast thou got no Spouse too?

*Deg.* The thrice three Sisters are my wives.

*Pun.* Well, because thou art a Poet, and my Jews-trump and I are Wits, thou shalt eat and drink at my pavilion always.

*Aur.* You shall ha' wine and serge. D'ye remember, *Degrel?*

*Deg.* Thank you: but I'll ne'er lye for you again.

*Bla.* Come, let's all in to dinner.

The

# The Epilogue.

*THe Play is done, great Prince, which needs muſt fear,*
*Though you brought all your fathers mercies here,*
*It may offend your Highneſs, and we've now*
*Three hours done treaſon here, for ought we know.*
*But pow'r your Grace can above Nature give;*
*It can give pow'r to make abortives live.*
*In which if our bold wiſhes ſhould be croſt,*
*'Tis but the life of one poor week that's loſt.*
*Though it ſhould fall beneath your preſent ſcorn,*
*It could not die ſooner then it was born.*

FINIS.